Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1767.

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THE BYSTANDER OCTOBER 27, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—quiet, sheltered large sunny park, motor service casino, golf. Pen. fr. 12/6, 15/-, 4 gns., £5 wk.

Cannes.—Htl. Montfleury.—Full sth. mod. bth. tel. ea. rm. Lrg. pk. o'looking Cannes & sea 2 min. 'bus twn & Cas. G.Tamme, M. Dir.

Cannes.—Hotel Regina.—A fmly. htl., cl. sea & amsmts. Op. ten. clb.; own pk., quiet; evy. cmf. exclt. csne. &svce. Diet if req. Lift. Gar.

Mentone.—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full South. Sea front, own garden, sun-bathing, private beach. From Frs 45. Open all the year.

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Cap d'Ail.—(Nr. Monte Carlo)—Eden Hotel.—200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Bristol & Majestic.—200 rms. 80 bths. Facing sea. Bridge rm. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in htl. Full bd. fr. 60 Frs. on

Monte Carlo. — Le Grand Hotel. — 350 rooms, 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934. Moderate terms. Open all year.

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Monte Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st. class up to date, facing Casino, sea-view, open all the year. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Royal.—All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea. Moderate rates.

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Villefranche-s-Mer. — Hotel Provencal. — 40 rms. full sth., sea view, gard. Pens. 7 Sh. same Direct. Victoria, Beaulieu-s-Mer.

GERMANY.

Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

"Hawkins, do you — er — notice anything? On my pillow, I mean? Something *queer*."

"*I presume you refer, Sir, to the Lucky Alphonso. I understood you to say, Sir, that you'd shot it yourself in the foothills of Pimlico.*"

"So *that's* what it is? For the moment I felt quite uneasy. Such a shock is very bad for me this morning. Might easily be fatal. Worst hangover I've experienced since I reached the age of discretion."

"*I gather, Sir, that gin and lime was not your staple beverage throughout the evening.*"

"What of it? No use holding post mortems at this time of the day."

"*On the contrary, Sir, if I may say so, Rose's Lime Juice has a therapeutic action which renders hangovers null and void. It strangles them at birth, as you might say.*"

"Hawkins, is this true, or is it an old wives' tale?"

"*It is vouched for, Sir, by the nobility and gentry. I myself, Sir, have found it efficacious on occasion.*"

"Then get some at once. Get it now. Go and get it."

"*Very good, Sir. And the Lucky Alphonso?*"

"Give it decent burial. Present it to the British Museum. Do what you like with it. But for goodness sake get that *Rose's Lime Juice.*"

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S.

Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued

GERMANY—*continued*

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11. 100 beds, mod. comf., gar., cent., home from home. Incl. tms. fr. R.M.7. Man. P. Prenzel.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from 9 Mks.

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Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50

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The Bystander

Cannons of Hollywood

Anna Neagle Tours the New World

Anna Neagle as a film-actress can hardly reach a higher pinnacle of achievement and renown than *Victoria the Great* has given her. In the first place, she was chosen for the most imposing film part of the year, and gave a splendid performance in it. Then the picture was (and is) a vast success in London, and Miss Neagle is judged famous enough for her story and views to be serialised in an evening paper, lucrative reward of such fame. And now she is touring the New World in state with Herbert Wilcox, who has directed her in the films that have made her name, making a personal appearance at each premiere of *Victoria the Great*. At Ottawa she was presented with a key of the city, and she and Mr. Wilcox were guests of Lord Tweedsmuir at a Government House banquet. Montreal and Toronto followed, and so across Canada and down to Hollywood, where her film has been chosen for the premiere of premieres, which has never happened to an English film before. Did any fortune-teller prophesy all this for her when she was a gym. and games mistress?

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 43

Dr. Burgin

EDWARD LESLIE BURGIN, LL.D., M.P., is of Huguenot extraction; which is why his French is so good. If he had not been a politician he would probably have felt a contempt for politics, despite the association in this country between lawyers and the House of Commons. By nature Dr. Burgin is an individualist and a scholar. Action to him is the last resort when philosophy can go no further. He does not love the Press, nor the machinations of politicians. He was, however, the most efficient Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Board of Trade for nearly twenty years. Socialists gave up trying to score off him when they discovered that he knew more about anything than they did. His reply to them was more or less, "You are perfectly justified in raising the question, but don't you think it is rather foolish when it is obviously my business and merely sport to you?"

When he was at the Board of Trade it was his business to keep secrets. And he kept them. Now he is translated to the Ministry of Transport, which has ended or halted the career of all other politicians except Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha. But Mr. Hore-Belisha not only acts in public, but thinks in public. His idea of a secluded spot is a shop-window in Selfridge's. Dr. Burgin detests doing anything in public. If he had his own way he would probably build secret roads all over Great Britain, known only to himself. This is certain: even if he built them secretly they would be first-class roads. The trouble with him is that he is so thorough. He might go on acquiring so much knowledge of the subject of roads that by the time they were ready the people most anxious to use them would be dead.

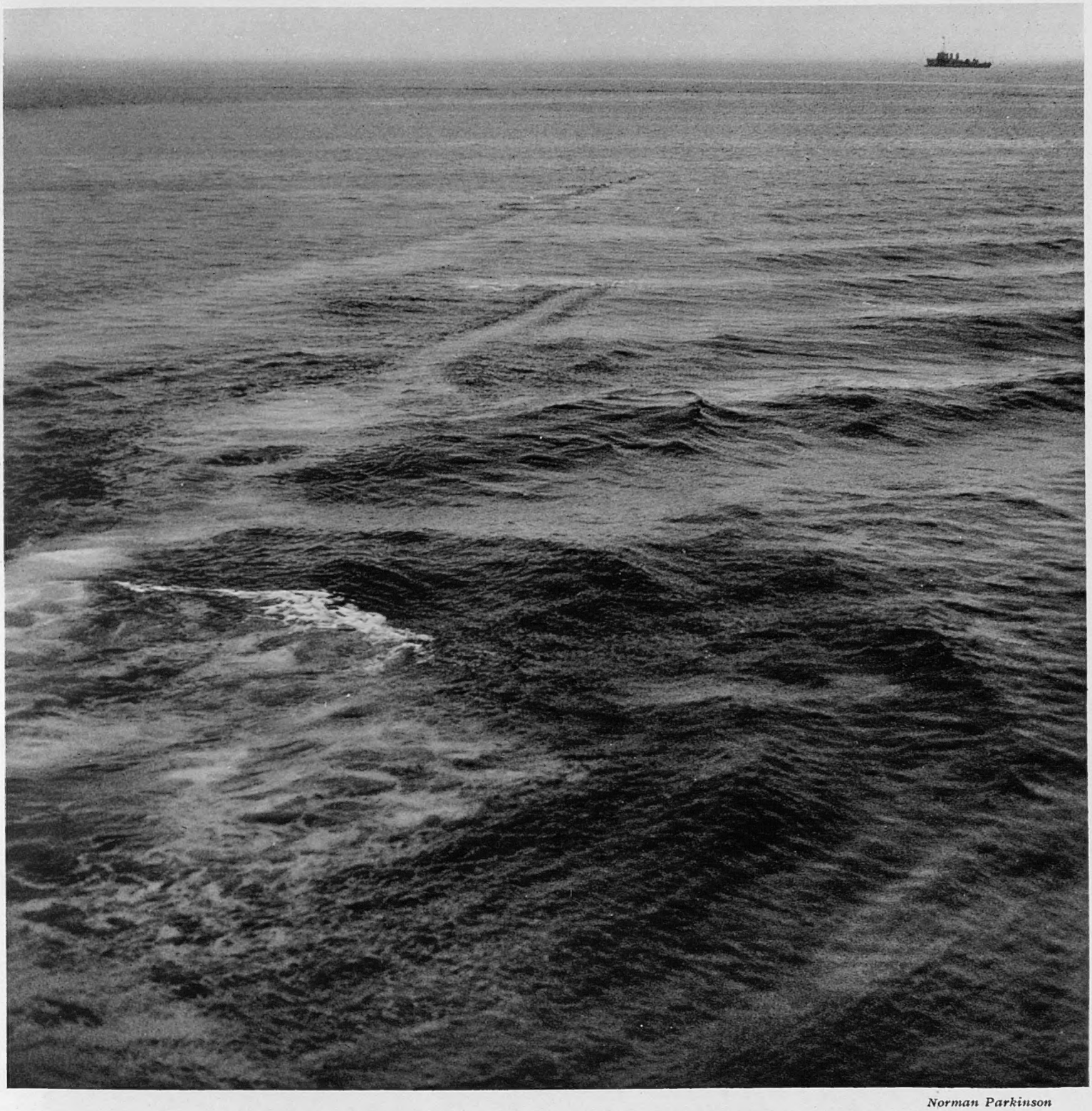
Dr. Burgin is deeply respected, and does not mean to be supercilious. And yet he is inclined to give this impression.

The truth is that he is genuinely embarrassed by too much knowledge. This knowledge he has acquired simply enough through his tremendous practice in international law, his firm being Denton, Hall and Burgin, of Gray's Inn and Paris. He once was actually Principal and Director of Legal Studies to the Law Society. And you might not suspect the Minister of Transport of knowing all about film-stars. But he does. He is the legal representative over here of Warner Brothers of Hollywood.

DR. BURGIN has recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday, and can look back on an education which began in Finchley and proceeded by way of Lausanne and Paris. His scholastic record is a blur of Firsts. In the war he served as an intelligence officer. Afterwards his determination to enter Parliament caused him to contest Hornsey in 1921, 1922, 1923, and 1924. He was unsuccessful on each occasion, which (as "Beachcomber" would say) is tantamount to a rebuff. But this did not stop him. He got in at Luton in 1929, and has not yet had the Order of the Straw Hat. His recreations include running up and down moderate-sized mountains in shorts. In fact, he is a natural wearer of shorts, a curious trait, which is easier to note than annotate. For the rest, he likes tennis, does a bit of farming at Harpenden, and is the father of three daughters and a son.

Charles Graves

Porpoise or Torpedo? Was the Basilisk Wrong?



Norman Parkinson

Lines Ruled on the Waves: The Unmistakeable Tracks of Two Torpedoes

With the Services (8): The Navy

Torpedo Practice for Destroyers

The first of the "With the Services" naval series appeared in the Coronation *Bystander* and showed photographs of H.M.S. Nelson at Southend. The second moves to Portsmouth and portrays torpedo practice under the auspices of H.M.S. Vernon, which is not a ship at all, but a land establishment. The officers and men in these photographs are actually on board H.M.S. Winchester. Torpedoes have been in the news lately, with the reported, then denied, attack on the Basilisk in the Mediterranean. The Admiralty said something about porpoises in its statements to the Press, and it may be that these cheerful pupils of the sea are indistinguishable from the long, sinister craft that are illustrated here. One certain way to prove whether approaching tracks are of porpoise or torpedo is to get in the way of them: this evidently the Basilisk avoided as neatly as the diplomats avoided other outcomes. And if it was a porpoise, then an attack with depth charges seems hardly in the best British sporting tradition. There are three more pages of torpedo pictures, 135, 136, 137

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has made an extraordinary volte-face in the Non-Intervention Committee. Just as all reasonable men were registering their final despair at the deadlock, the Duce announced through Count Grandi that he is ready to agree to the withdrawal of "volunteers," to the despatch of an international commission to work out the details of the withdrawal, and to the British definition of belligerent rights as set out in the plan of July 14th. On behalf of his chief, Count Grandi accepts the original British Plan, the key-point of which is that the withdrawal of volunteers should start at once and that the accordance of belligerent rights to both sides should be settled at an agreed date later on.

NO ONE can deny that this Italian change of front is important both from the point of view of the Spanish War and of international peace. But already the hard-headed logical Parisians are asking themselves what can be the reason for it. And it would seem that the Parisians are finding a reason in the fall of Gijon, the last outpost of the Government troops in the North-west of Spain. If the Asturias can be quickly and finally overrun by General Franco's troops, at least one hundred thousand men, with a full accompaniment of tanks and aeroplanes, will be released for another desperate assault upon Madrid before the weather breaks. In this case, say the cynics, the German-Italian volunteers will have done their job for Franco and may be withdrawn without delay, thereby saving German-Italian prestige, international peace, and German-Italian cash.

ON the other hand, there is a distinct school of thought which maintains that Herr Hitler put pressure upon his Italian friend, partly because the Reichswehr has always hated the German participation in the Spanish war and partly because the Führer has been definitely impressed by French firmness during the last month. There may or may not be any truth in this idea, but there is no question whatever that the hard-headed realists in the German Army are looking a little doubtfully at an ally which is forced to exact a capital levy to pay for its last war before it can even consider the prospects of the next one.

ITALY is beginning to discover that, though an empire may be a glorious affair, nevertheless it can also be a financial liability unless the territory gloriously conquered contains easily accessible wealth. The Italian people are now being called upon to pay their first big instalment of the cost of Abyssinia. The ten-per-cent. capital levy on the cash of joint stock companies is unlikely to be very popular in Italian financial circles. But shareholders will simply have to grin and bear it, or at any rate bear it.

IN just the same way, the Japanese people will have to pay up sooner or later for the cost of the campaign in China. As the Japanese armies advance more and more deeply into the mainland, the cost of maintenance must be rising very sharply. It is true that the Japanese soldier prides himself on being able to perform prodigies of valour on a single grain of rice per day. But so far, no method has been discovered of instilling the chivalrous ideas of the Samurai into tanks so that they will advance for a whole day on one gallon of petrol.

Modern dictatorships—and ancient ones, too, for that matter—are never deterred from military enterprises by lack of money. But all the same, somebody has to pay some time or other.

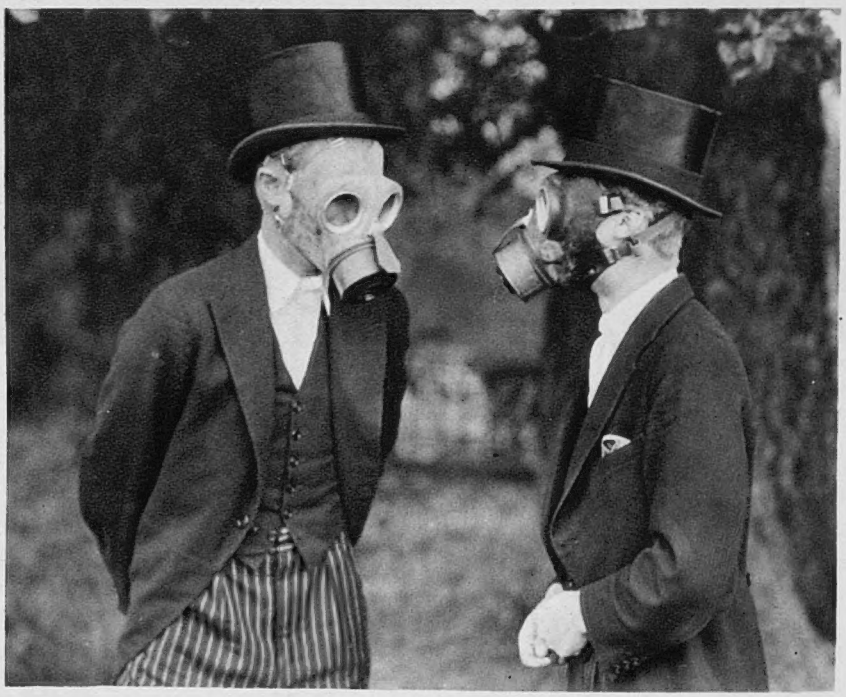
THE German Press are using the troubles in Palestine as an additional argument for the return of colonies to Germany. The theory is that the strong measures taken to suppress terrorism are signs that the British are completely hopeless as colonial administrators, and that "the Union Jack flutters victorious over a picture of horror and devastation, over the desolate homeland of punished Arabs." Oddly enough, there are still a few people in Europe who can remember what the Germans did to the Herreros in German South-West Africa before the war.

MR. A. A. MILNE (whose play, *Sarah Simple*, by the way, has just reached its two-hundredth performance with ever-increasing audiences), wrote a

(*Concluded on page 126*)

Loyalty

Portrait of a South Wales patriot who greeted the Duke of Kent when he went to Cardiff to open the Treforest Trading Estate



Wearing the Old School Mask

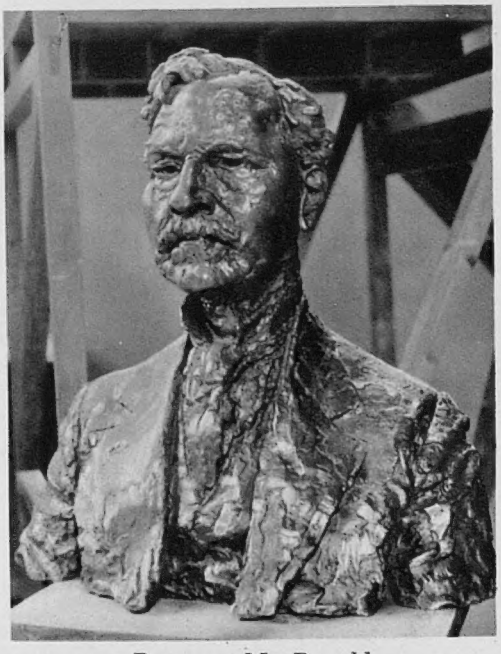
Each of the 1160 boys of Eton College is to be given a gas-mask, two gas-proof rooms in each house are to be built, and a master, Mr. R. E. Marsden, is anti-gas controller. Such is progress as forced on the scholastic world by the year 1937

Jacob Epstein

And Three Works To Be Seen In His Exhibition

Portrait of a Sculptor

Pola Nirenska, Dancer

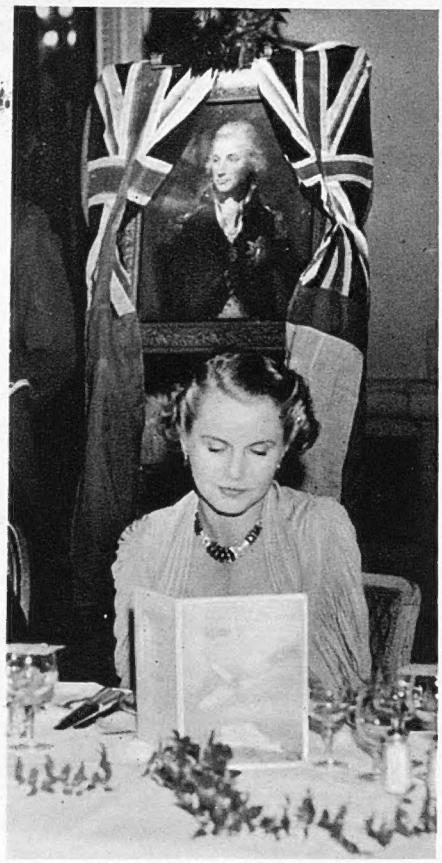


Ramsay MacDonald

"Consummatum Est"

The most important work in the exhibition is Epstein's recumbent figure of Christ. It was photographed (with the sculptor beside it) from an angle specially chosen by him

At each Epstein exhibition it becomes more apparent that the humblest of know-nothings may appreciate something of the vitality and strange beauty of the great sculptor's portraiture. About his more abstract works even the experts are divided, and "Consummatum Est" is no exception to this. His present exhibition of sculpture is at the Leicester Galleries



Dining With Nelson

Lady Beatty was in the place of honour before Nelson's draped portrait at the Navy League's dinner at Grosvenor House on Trafalgar Day. The League had already sent a wreath labelled "Keep Watch" to the column in Trafalgar Square, where there were tributes to Nelson's memory; his "England Expects . . ." signal was flown from H.M.S. Victory at Portsmouth, and flags were sold in London

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 124)

letter to the *Times* last week about the German colonies, in which he kicked Mr. Amery harder and more squarely in the pants than I recall any author kicking any politician for some time. The unfortunate Mr. Amery had described Tanganyika as a "strategical key position." No doubt whatever he meant well, and no one has ever questioned Mr. Amery's intense sincerity on behalf of what he thinks is the function and future of the Empire, but I cannot help applauding, in a gentlemanly manner, of course, when Mr. Milne writes: "We imagine the German General Staff, on the eve of invading France through Belgium, reassuring the Kaiser by saying: 'Don't forget, Sire, that we hold the key position of Tanganyika.' We imagine Lord Haig, when warned of the danger of a German break through in 1918, saying: 'Ridiculous! Think of the strategical risks they would be taking; we hold Tanganyika now.' And no doubt the British Cabinet, during the darkest days of the submarine campaign, often unrolled its map of Africa and renewed its confidence with the thought that Tanganyika was still there."

When we Grub Street hacks give Elder Statesmen a bopp on the noggin, we all join together and shout "Hooroar for the Principle."

On the Palmerston Front, it gives me pleasure to be able to announce that a British steamer which had been captured outside territorial waters by an armed trawler belonging to the Spanish rebels has been released at once. The reason it was released was that the cruiser Southampton, flagship of Rear-Admiral Calvert, went and explained that it would be just as well for everyone concerned if it was released at once. And so it was.

Grantham has popped into the limelight over Mr. Julian Pine's novel *Rotten Borough*. Whether or not Mr. Pine was aiming his fun at Grantham, the fact now remains that everyone will be talking about fitting caps, and so on. The book, which has now been withdrawn by the publishers, was very funny in parts, and whoever Mr. Pine is (and I am told he is somebody else), I am looking forward to his next book.

Subscribers to the Evesham Conservative Association have decided by a majority of ten, in five hundred and thirty votes, to stand by Mr. de la Bere, their Member of Parliament, against the Executive Committee. The feud has been going on for some time now, but I do not know the ins and outs of it. But all those who strongly approve of Mr. A. P. Herbert's Divorce Bill will always be grateful to Mr. de la Bere for the part he took in helping to get the Bill through. It was he who drew the lucky place in the ballot for Private Members' Bills and handed his place to Mr. Herbert.

The town of Bangor, Maine, has established a second claim to celebrity. It must be at least fifty years since that famous song was written which began—

> "Riding down from Bangor
> In an eastern train
> After weeks of hunting
> In the woods of Maine,"

and went on to describe the reprehensible conduct of the wicked student and the "village maiden, beautiful, petite." It was a popular song at rather daring smoking-concerts, and beanos at the less dignified of our universities. Then Bangor slid into a long slumber, unbroken by any particle of notoriety until recently, when Mr. Hoover's G-men shot down two murderers in the streets of the town and captured a third.

A magnificent comic character known to readers of the *New Yorker* makes his bow over here on October 28th. Hyman Kaplan is a Polish-German Jew, who is trying to learn English in a night school in New York. His struggles, his bland overriding of all difficulties, and his superb mistakes are written down by Mr. Leonard Q. Ross and published for the modest sum of 5s. by Messrs. Constable. It is one of the funniest books I have ever read.

The success of *The Phantom Light*, at the Haymarket, the thriller in which Miss Edna Best and Mr. Gordon Harker are playing, is a nasty slap in the eye for the critic boys. One and all (except Mr. Ivor Brown), they leaped into the air and came down in hob-nailed boots on this play, and howled like a pack of wolves at it. The public, however, refused to pay any attention, and the Haymarket is playing to big business.

I wrote a few weeks ago about the great cricketers who are retiring from the game this year, with especial reference to Sandham and Hendren and Duckworth and Mead. Now I hear that Maurice Tate is to be added to this band of heroes. He is only forty-two, and it is only a year ago that he took seven wickets for nineteen runs against Hampshire, five for thirty-three against Yorkshire, six for fifty-seven against Surrey, and six for forty-eight against Middlesex. Now he has been suddenly dropped by the Sussex Committee. He was a lion-hearted bowler at a lean time for English bowlers.

The ways of County Committees are very strange. It can never be forgotten that Surrey allowed the immortal Hobbs to fade away without the faintest word of farewell from the public at Kennington.

Council of War in a Bamboo Grove

This picture was taken at the General Headquarters of the Chinese Army at Nanking; of the three field commanders at the table, the two facing the camera are Generals Ku Chu Tung and Shang Kuan Yun. Do not confuse the insignium on their caps with the Soviet star—it is the sun of the Chinese Republic

Dulce et Decorum Est . . .

Four Pictures from the War in China

A Nanking Backwater Whose Commerce is Coffins

The photographer who took this picture had to bandage his mouth and nose with a damp handkerchief; for some of those coffins have been there a long time. They are waiting as patiently for the junks to take them away as their inhabitants waited in lifetime for the good luck every Chinese thinks is just round the corner. In these cases it turned out to be a souvenir from Japan. The men below are even more conscious of their souvenirs, being still alive, and even smiling, in the hospital. Each has his panacea on the table — a teapot

Every Bullet Has Its Billet

The electric plant just outside Nanking made a good target for the Japanese bombers, and made a big blaze when it was finally hit. The building to the left is flying a Union Jack, hoisted as a protection by some optimist

Perched on a corrugated-iron roof, Mayell of Movietone and Kronikoff of Universal take films of the burning power station. Such evidence shocks the Western world into bold acts such as the condemning of Japan

Social Register

VISITORS TO PARIS

Mr. Bowker and Miss Kerr

Mr. Jim Bowker, of the Foreign Office, and Miss Rosemary Kerr, Admiral Mark Kerr's younger daughter, had just been to see the modern French pictures in the Exhibition, and were on their way to the Ritz Bar

Daughter and Mother

Miss Joyce Goodenday, who is sixteen, has just gone to a finishing school in Paris. She is with her mother, Mrs. John Goodenday

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Mrs. Dudley Ward and M. de Casa-Maury

The Marquis de Casa-Maury and Mrs. Dudley Ward were married at Marylebone Register Office a week ago. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Charles Birkin

Right: Stanley George Hooker, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hooker, of Sheerness, Kent, and Margaret Bradbury, only daughter of Lord and Lady Bradbury, of Wingham, Claygate, Surrey, were married in King Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey

The Hon. Margaret Bradbury and Dr. S. G. Hooker

Mr. Butler and Miss Davidson-Houston

Thomas Pierce Butler, Grenadier Guards, and Rosemary Davidson Houston were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the only son of Lt.-Col. Sir Richard and Lady Butler, of Ballin Temple, Co. Carlow, and Wilderwick, Sussex, and she is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Davidson-Houston, of Pembury Hall, Kent, and 6, Thurloe Square, S.W.7

Viscount Jocelyn and Miss Kennedy

Lieut. Lord Jocelyn, R.N., eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Roden, of Tollymore Park, Co. Down, and Clodagh Rose Kennedy, daughter of the late Edward Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, of Bishopscourt, Co. Kildare, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Archbishop of Dublin

Lieut. Hector Macleod and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth

Lieutenant Hector Macleod, R.N. (ret.), son of the late Captain Macleod of Cadbolt, and Mrs. Sheila Livingstone-Learmonth were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. She is the daughter of the late Captain Duncan Macpherson, R.N.

The Hon. William Bethell and Miss Ann Barlow

William Gladstone Bethell and Ann Barlow were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is Lord and Lady Bethell's younger son, and she is the daughter of Major R. G. Barlow, of The Holt, Ledbury, Herefordshire, and Mrs. Barlow, of 33, Queen's Gate, S.W.7

TWO PARTIES FOR SUPPER

Mr. "Laddie" Sanford and Mrs. Barclay

Mr. Sanford and his wife gave a big dinner-party at the Dorchester, at which Mrs. "Alex" Barclay was one of the guests. She is Sir Archibald Mitchelson's only daughter

Lady Ursula Stewart and Mr. Roger Tighe

Lady Ursula Stewart, who is the eldest of Lord Shrewsbury's three sisters, and Mr. Roger Tighe were at the Austria Restaurant for what was called "a bear supper-party," perhaps after the bear mascots, like the two in the photograph

TWO CHRISTENINGS

The Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry's Son

Above: Adrian Michael Berry, son of the Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry, grandson of Lord Camrose and nephew of Lord Birkenhead, was christened at Gray's Inn Chapel

Below: Mackenzie Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howard, was christened at Brompton Oratory. His father is Leslie Howard's brother; his mother (Jean Compton) is a niece of Fay Compton and Compton Mackenzie

Celebrities at Large

Feodor Chaliapine En Famille

The great Russian singer was photographed in Paris with his daughter and grandson, Countess Jean de Limur and three-months'-old Ivan de Limur. Count Jean de Limur is a film-producer, and brother of Count André de Limur, who used to be at the French Embassy in London

Noel Coward and Lady Castlerosse Arrive

They landed together at Southampton from the Normandie. Noel Coward had been over to New York for the wedding of his business manager, John C. Wilson, and Princess Natalie Paley

Watching the Strickland—Neusel Fight

Brigadier-General Kentish sat beside two film celebrities, Mickey Hood and Victor McLaglen, to watch last week's big fight at Wembley. Victor McLaglen arrived in England a week or two ago to make a picture here

Elsa Maxwell Arrives Home

Miss Maxwell, like all good Americans, a homeward migrant from Europe in the Fall, waved New York a greeting from the Bremen

Films of the Day

Shirley Temple in India: By George Campbell

If mention of *Wee Willie Winkie* stirs fond memories in you, or memories of practically any kind, I advise you to go and see the film version by Twentieth Century-Fox. But not, if you have any choice, in the company of Kipling fans. They are apt to be bigoted.

One near me, a colonel (retired), was full of criticisms of the most carping kind. He objected to Wee Willie Winkie being turned into a little girl to suit Shirley Temple, which seems pedantic. He objected to the heroine being a widow, still more to her being an American. He objected that he could not recognise the colonel, could not recognise the soldiers, and could not recognise the Pathans, with the possible exception of Khoda Khan. And Khoda Khan, he said, comes out of another story, anyway. In fact, the only character the colonel seemed to know was Wee Willie Winkie's pony, and even the pony wasn't quite the right cut and breed.

As for the scene where the treacherous Khan gently covers the sleeping child with a rug, and goes out and stops the fighting so that she won't see her grandfather potted by Pathans or crushed beneath a large rock tottering above his head—what the colonel thought of this particular scene I did not discover, because he went out, muttering to himself a good deal, as colonels will, and never came back.

Fortunately, the world is not entirely peopled with the higher military ranks, except, of course, in Liberia, and for ordinary cannon fodder like myself, *Wee Willie Winkie* is good fun. The story moves well, though I should have liked to see the fight in which the sergeant is mortally wounded, instead of merely hearing about it; the characterisation, though standardised, is sound; and the acting is very competent all round. There is no better actor in the world than C. Aubrey Smith when it comes to playing testy English officers; June Lang wears the period clothes—and what an extraordinarily becoming period it was—with grace and charm; and Cesar Romero looks even more striking and considerably cleaner than Pathans ordinarily do look.

Some actors won't play opposite a child, especially if the child happens to be Shirley; they say that, whatever happens, she is bound to steal the picture. The fact that this doesn't exactly happen in *Wee Willie Winkie* is a tribute to Victor McLaglen's slashing performance as Sergeant McDuff. Shirley, if you like her—and I still can't understand the people who are so sure they will detest her that they refuse to see her pictures—is just as lovable and amusing as ever. We have seen her developing from the chubby infant of *Baby Take a Bow* and *Girl in Pawn*, to an upstanding little girl of nearly nine. Every year people have been prophesying that she will go the way of all child wonders; but she goes on delighting more and more people and making more and more millions for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Just which stars' pictures make most money is something producers don't reveal. Seeing that she makes three or four pictures a year, whereas most great adult stars are too exhausted to make more than one or two, it is safe to say that Shirley brings more money into the box-office than any other player of any age, size, shape, sex or colour.

I hope she doesn't realise it, or she may be getting bigger ideas and want to spend two dollars a week instead of one. Only the other day she put over a deal that indicated a bright eye to the main chance. The studio had to use a dog in a scene: Shirley had one. "How much do you want to charge us?" asked the producer gravely. "Twenty dollars," said Shirley firmly, "but I'll take ten." "I wouldn't dream of it," replied the producer. "Not a cent more than fifteen." And Shirley still thinks his arithmetic is worse than hers.

Everybody knows the story of the girl who went to supper, drank too much, and wrote to a newspaper next day asking: "Did I do wrong?" To which the editor gave the obvious reply: "Try to remember." I only repeat it because the plot of *Confession* (made in German as *Mazurka*) is similar, but older. Here we have the virtuous singer rejecting the philanderer's advances, to marry a Russian army officer. The war comes, and a child comes, and the villain still pursues her. He invites her to a party, everybody gets very drunk on champagne but none so drunk as our heroine, and when she wakes up, alert and fresh (what heads these singers have!) she perceives instantly that she is in the wrong house.

Her husband returns. The problem is obvious. Shall she confess All and trust to his generosity? Or shall she say nothing and do a little smooth acting, for which there is also precedent? Somerset Maugham's advice might have helped her: "Never sin, but if you must sin, never repent, and if you must repent, never confess." Anyway, the dancer does repent, and does not confess: she keeps meaning to, which is worse, for at last her distracted manner makes her husband suspicious, and when she gets a letter and dashes off to see a sick friend, he follows and finds her emerging from the villain's house.

In real life she would certainly explain, and he would possibly believe her. In the film he just gives her a nasty look and walks out, and gets a divorce and the custody of the child. When she sees the same girl, fifteen years older, about to be seduced by the same man, what can she do but shoot him? Which she does, with great accuracy from a good way off, and it may not altogether surprise you to learn that a harrowing trial ends in the judges being pretty lenient. Kay Francis is none too happy in Pola Negri's rôle, as the singer; Ian Hunter is worse as the Russian officer; and Basil Rathbone, as the dirty dog, walks away with the picture.

Kay Francis in "Confession"

It seems a long time since Kay Francis had a film that really suited her intelligence, polish and beauty, and "Confession" makes no difference to that statement. Basil Rathbone as the villain has a part that suits him far better than the part that Pola Negri played in "Mazurka" suits Miss Francis. The Hollywood version of the story, directed by Joe May, ex-Ufa director, has been at the New Gallery

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Autumn" (St. Martin's)

IF you are one of those who, after seeing a piece of light and airy texture, customarily shake their heads and sadly say: "Yes, but it isn't a *play*," then it is only fair that, after seeing *Autumn* at the St. Martin's, you should stick to your standard, nod your head, and cheerfully say: "No, but it *is* a play."

For Miss Margaret Kennedy and Mr. Gregory Ratoff have adapted from the Russian what is, perhaps, the most play-like play presented this season—a play about a husband and a wife and a lover, a play with postprandial shirt-fronts and K.C.s in it, a play setting strong men in opposition, a play enabling actresses to be as emotional as they are well gowned—a play, in short, packed with dramatic food, even if you can't swallow it all.

TAKE the first big scene in the first act. Mr. Wyndham Goldie is sitting with his eyes bandaged, as they must be for six months if his sight is to be saved. Miss Flora Robson is sitting beside him, reading his correspondence out loud like a loving wife. But why, in the middle of this anonymous letter, does she suddenly stop? For the excellent reason that it discloses her secret liaison with Mr. Jack Hawkins. So far, so good. But why, when Mr. Goldie insists that she shall continue, doesn't she invent any old nonsense? Why, failing that, doesn't she throw the letter in the fire and chance it? Why doesn't she do anything but the one thing she does do, which is to finish the letter as written?

Partly, perhaps, because Mr. Goldie's suspicions must be thoroughly aroused. Partly, beyond question, because the reading of her own accusation gives Miss Robson such a fine emotional opportunity. Which opportunity, like all the rest offered her in this play, she turns to such effect, that we would momentarily excuse even greater improbabilities.

TAKE, again, the big scene in the second act. Many months have passed. The bandages are off. But the suspicion remains, even though Miss Robson has suggested that the visits of Mr. Hawkins were really to her step-daughter, Miss Victoria Hopper. Great is the power of suggestion. Mr. Hawkins has really fallen in love with Miss Hopper, and vice versa. The engagement is announced by Mr. Goldie to an assembly of friends after dinner. The health of the young couple is drunk in champagne—wormwood to Miss Robson.

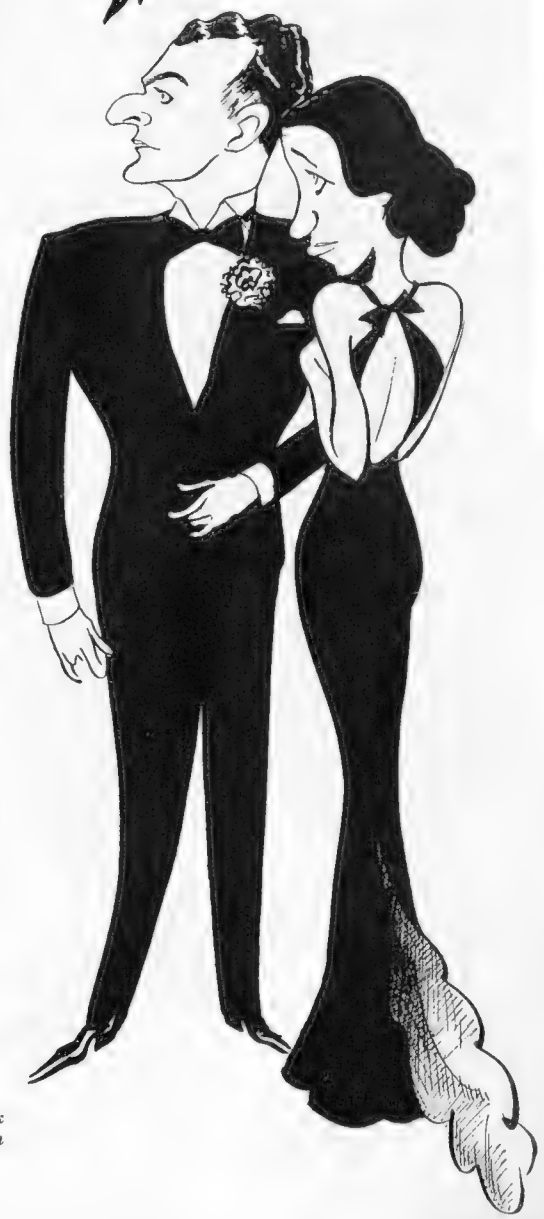
And now Mr. Goldie insists that Miss Hopper shall sing an old love-song, and that Miss Robson shall accompany her on the piano, while he looks on like Hamlet at the play. Miss Hopper sings. Then a remarkable thing happens. As she sings, she is apparently so overcome by the sentiment of the song that she sidles up to Mr. Hawkins, gazes deep into his eyes, coos at him and so befondles him that, manners being manners, no wonder Miss Robson faints dead away.

Mr. Goldie, however, thinks that Miss Robson's fainting is due to her love for Mr. Hawkins. So does Miss Hopper. And as their opinion is backed by that of the authors and of Mr. Basil Dean, the producer, I suppose I must bow to their inside knowledge.

THE dominant theme of this play is jealousy—the jealousy of the husband whose wife has been captured by the lover, the jealousy of the wife whose lover has been captured by her step-daughter. After much storm and stress, *Autumn* ends with the promise of a calmer winter. That will be a little dull for Miss Robson, who thrives on bad weather. The way she battles with the elements commands our deepest admiration. Mr. Goldie, however, suggests that life with him will never be very easy, which is all to the good. Better that Miss Robson should suffer only a little than most other actresses acutely.

The blind husband: Wyndham Goldie

The Communist with Mayfair principles: Victoria Hopper



Right, the disturbed lovers: Jack Hawkins and Flora Robson

Sketches by Rouson

Houston Rogers

Patricia Hilliard—a Priestley Heroine

Patricia Hilliard belongs to the small but interesting group of young English actresses who, within the last year or two have made their names known, writing a bright promise for their future by their intelligent and sincere performances, and who are already being given leading parts. She is only twenty-one and has been on the stage a little over two years. She studied at the R.A.D.A., got her first engagement in film work in 1934, and made her first success in the second stage part she played, as Catherine Hilton in *Call It a Day*. Now she is in J. B. Priestley's *I Have Been Here Before* as the young wife of the man so superbly played by Wilfrid Lawson. The part, important in itself, is doubly so for being in what has been judged Mr. Priestley's finest work, and must mark a significant step in Miss Hilliard's career

"Bystander" Short Story No. 110

Point of Honour

By Paul Horgan

Illustration by Holland

"WHERE do we go? Do we go in here? Is it upstairs? I thought it would be one of those places with a large window," said Miss Cadman, pulling her long fur around her lifted shoulders. She looked with eyes like lenses at Mr. Dunn. He smiled at her bright, impersonal regard, and touched her elbow. They went through the narrow door and started up the carpeted stairs. Beside them travelled a white banister. The hallway was plastered in white, with modelled roses and cornices, browned at the edges by time and soot. They finally reached a door that had a chromium plate lettered in black: "Regan Galleries."

"I 'm *always* buying pictures," said Miss Cadman, pausing and squeezing her purse against her bosom so that her long diamond brooch turned upward and winked with light.

"There 's just the thing in here for your book room," said Mr. Dunn, hoping that Tom was in, as he had promised to be. He opened the door, elbowing Miss Cadman into the room. There was more white plaster, coming to a stop without reflection at a brown wooden floor. The front windows, uncurtained, gave on Fifty-Seventh Street, where the late afternoon sun painted a likeness of a city landscape. Miss Cadman began tiptoeing, with her eyes widened, her mouth pursed in an immediate reverence. She looked at the negro sculpture, the tan canvas background for the water-colours on the side wall, and the brass bust of a woman's skull with two brass fingers at its throat. No one was there. On an easel by the marble fireplace, suggesting the dwelling-place of the past that the brownstone front of the building had failed to conjure, was a landscape in the romantic style, golden brown, with leaves like shadows.

Miss Cadman turned to Mr. Dunn.

"Should they leave it like this?" she asked in a whisper. "Anybody could come in and make off with anything . . ."

"Tom ought to be here," he said. "I'll see."

Miss Cadman sat down in a cherry velvet armchair and lighted a cigarette. She laid her heavy purse symbolically on her large thighs and waited, with a trace of wealthy defiance. Mr. Dunn went to the door in the corner, and looked through.

"Hey, Tom!" he called, turning at once to smile reassuringly at Miss Cadman. She was looking at the negro sculpture through a platinum lorgnon.

There was the sound of a scramble, a chair pushed, and then steps. In a moment Tom appeared in the corner doorway. He looked surprised.

"Hello," he said, coming in. "How do you do?" he said to Miss Cadman, who leaned forward in her chair and bit her lip absently, looking at Tom with her lorgnon. Mr. Dunn thought he could see the travel of her opinion behind her bland eyes. She put her gloved hand up to her hat and made its angle smarter. Physically dowdy, she made a fashionable figure, thanks to her clothes and her arrogance.

"Tom, Miss Cadman came to see some pictures," said Mr. Dunn. "She wants a canvas for her book room; there is a space about three feet square. Something modern."

"But it has to be *good*," said Miss Cadman, suddenly breaking a large smile over Tom, thinking that he was an attractive, tired, surly young man. He stood for a second, white in the face, with black hair and a bony nose. Then he said:

"We 've got some new French things."

She got up and went to watch him while he pushed back a green curtain that concealed a stack of pictures. He pulled out three and set them against the white wall. Miss Cadman bit the inside of her mouth in communion with her opinion, and slowly shook her head.

"They 're—they 're . . ." she said, and Tom, without more ado, picked them up and faced them to the plaster. She walked to the stack of paintings, and after soiling her gloves on the first frame, rapidly ran through them and ticked off several she wanted to see. Behind her back, Mr. Dunn made a face of apology and hope at Tom, who was prattling in a low voice about Such-and-such's point of view.

"Here!" said Miss Cadman suddenly, pulling out a picture of a cat sitting on a cushion in a sunny window, all of which had outlines fuzzy with light and shadow. "This is adorable!"

She set it and backed away. Tom frowned; he murmured something.

"What?" she said. "H'nnh? Who did this? That 's frightfully clever, isn't it, Dunn? I mean, such an amusing little cat. I mean!"

She lifted her shoulders, delighted with her authority, and ran forward to touch the canvas lightly with her fingers.

"Look," she said; "what 's the price of that one, the cat?"

"I 'll have to look it up," said Tom. "How do you like this one?"

He set out a gorgeous and formal still life from the nineteenth century.

"Chardin," he said. "A very rare one."

"Who?" she said. "Why—rare? Do you really think it 's rare? I mean!"

"Chardin. Seven thousand dollars."

"Oh."

She threw back her sables and rattled her purse, which contained, she remembered with amusement, only six dollars. But also a cheque-book, and a silver pen.

"Katie," said Mr. Dunn, "look at the cat again. Tom painted that. Mr. Fawle painted that one."

Tom Fawle smiled under his frown as if to be strictly decent. He put the cat back of some other pictures, and said:

"This Renoir would be splendid among books."

He set out a pool with fallen trees in the foreground.

"Thirteen thousand."

Miss Cadman fell back into her cherry-coloured chair, and laughed, helplessly, shaking her chains and her lorgnon.

"How perfectly superb!" she cried, lively in amusement. "I actually prefer the Fawle cat to the Renoir or the Chardin. Mr. Fawle, do you really paint? I mean, how perfectly delicious! I must have that cat, really . . ."

Mr. Dunn leaned on his stick and felt almost laughable, it had been so easy. God knew what to expect! It would have been exactly like Tom to shut up the gallery and go away, Miss Cadman or no Miss Cadman, cheque-book or no cheque-book. It was only old Mr. Regan's fuddleheadedness that kept Tom in the place, anyway.

TOM was staring at the Renoir with squinted eyes.

"It 's a beautiful Renoir," he said, over his shoulder at Miss Cadman. "Only thirteen thousand."

(*Concluded on page* xii)

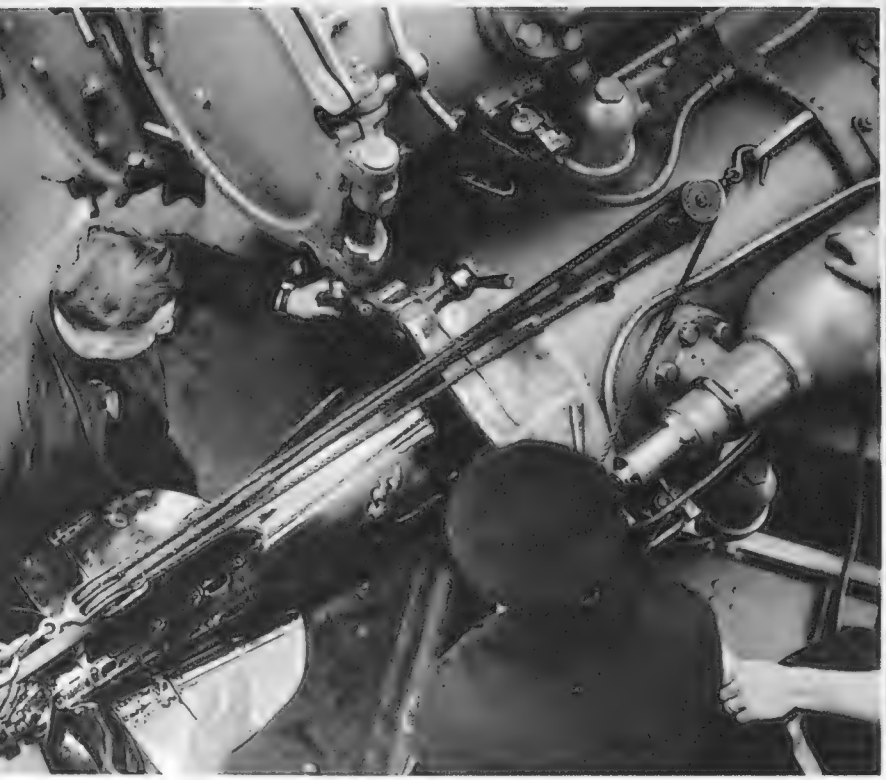
Norman Parkinson

Racing Dive—a Torpedo Takes the Water

This amazing photograph of a torpedo was taken at the moment of its firing from H.M.S. Winchester, during a day's practice in the Solent. What happens before and after the torpedo makes its racing dive can be seen in the pictures on the next two pages, and on page 123: part of the *Bystander's* "With the Services" series

With the Services (8): The Navy

Torpedo Practice for Destroyers

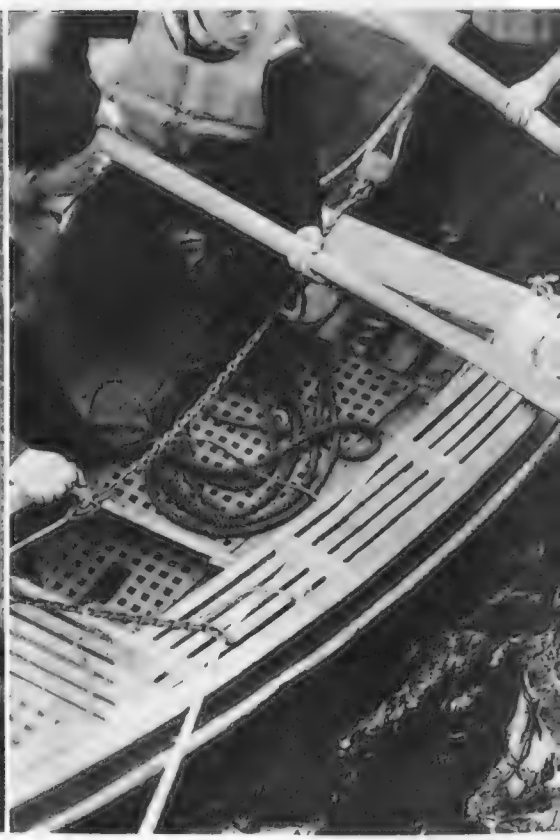


Loading *the torpedo is a delicate manœuvre even when dealing with a dummy warhead, more so when it's loaded with 500 lb. of T.N.T. Pulleys are used to hoist and guide the torpedo, covered all over with crude oil, into its tube: the tubes are fitted in batches of three, of which the two other breeches can be seen. Also to be seen, on the right, is part of the shell which starts the torpedo on its mission*

Firing *causes a great deal of smoke and a big successful. Then the torpedo beats away on its directions, driven by a compressed mixture of air, averages 30 knots, with a maximum of 40 it dives to a depth of twenty feet and becomes*

Then It Is Edged Alongside On To the Fenders

Note the oil from the torpedo on the water and the calcium light still burning



The Pulley Cable Is

The boarding is in charge of the

splash, but not as big as at the other end of the trip—if own power—the two propellors working in opposite steam and fuel oil. It is twenty-four feet in length and knots; after a short while out from the mother ship, more easily confused with porpoises or basking dictators

***Recovering** the practice torpedo, which travels about half a mile, is carried out by a longboat full of sailors; it is fairly easily traced by a calcium light which is fitted into the dummy warhead. But sometimes torpedoes fail to come to the surface—2 per cent. are lost in practice—and fishermen get five pounds for bringing in stray ones*

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Fitted to the Located Torpedo

torpedo-gunner (a warrant officer) on deck

Finally It Is Hauled Up On Deck

And the light is put out and the machine cleaned and re-greased for next time

Alice Nikitina as the Princess, With Whom the Lion Falls in Love

"Le Lion Amoureux"

The Last New Ballet of the de Basil Season

This last photographic re-echo of the de Basil season at Covent Garden records in particular Alice Nikitina's appearance with the company, and in general a ballet which it would not be surprising to find had failed to survive a winter's wear and tear in America. La Fontaine's fable of the lion who fell in love with a princess gives the ballet its theme, Lichine is the choregrapher, the music is by a young Austrian composer, Karol Rathaus, and the dresses and fantastic decor are by the French artist, Pierre Roy. Nikitina, who was a Diaghileff discovery and a leading dancer of his company for the last few years before he died, joined de Basil specially for this ballet. But she will not be seen in it again, since she has now given up ballet for opera, and is to make her debut as a singer in Italy

Photographs by Anthony

Dau

Lichine's own dance as the Lion gives the ballet its chief interest. But his leonine athleticism is too soon and too easily turned to lovelorn absurdity

Lichine as the Infatuated Lion

Court Attendants' Pas de Trois

The Wig-maker is Marian Ladre, the Painter is Edouard Borovansky, and the Master of Ceremonies is Waldemar Wust

Right: Yura Lazovsky as the Flautist and Tatiana Riabouchinska as the Flower Girl dance a pas de deux together as well as their solos

Big Game: Hunted and Hunters

A Survey of British Sport for Berlin

Rowaleyn George Gordon-Cummings

This quixotic picture portrays the pioneer of shooting in South Africa, Mr. Gordon Cummings, who went out last century, pursued his quarry principally on horseback, and wrote the first big-game book on his return—which nobody believed. Since he described, amongst other things, being towed round a lake hanging on to a hippo's tail, this is not surprising

Sir John Hewett

His Honour Sir John Hewett, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., is another pioneer of big-game hunting, this time in India. He was one of the best-known tiger shots of the pre-war era, and one of the fathers of pig-sticking. This picture of him was taken when he was president of the Meerut Tent Club

Strict Measurements

J. B. Burlace, the managing director of Rowland Ward and Co., and the compiler of the famous book of Big Game Records, is well known to every sportsman. His measuring-tape is extremely inelastic—even crowned heads have failed to make it stretch an inch

Mr. J. G. Millais

Right: Johnny Millais, son of a famous artist, artist himself, and father of Raoul Millais, also an artist, has shot in Western Canada, Siberia, and many parts of Africa, was one of the best known hunters of the Augustan age of the sport — 1890-1914. His books are well known

Below: Lord Belper, photographed with one of his younger sons at Glenkingie, is an authority on deer, which he has shot in Scotland, New Zealand, and the Carpathians. He also has one of the rare Indian lions

Record Elephant Slayer

The white man on the right is Captain R. J. D. Salmon, employed by the Uganda Government on elephant control. In this capacity he has accounted for more than 2000. His expeditions are numerous and include one of nine months to hospital, after a pachyderm had seized his head in its trunk. He organised the King and Queen's Uganda safaris, and the Duke of Windsor's. With him is M. T. Stephens, holding a cheetah cub, and (right) Captain Salmon's famous gun-bearer, Musia

Lord Belper and the Hon. Peter Strutt

Frank Wallace and a Roan Antelope

Frank Wallace is organising the big-game heads in the Berlin exhibition. He is honorary secretary of the Shikar Club, has shot in Canada, Central China, the Sudan and New Zealand, is an authority on red deer and publishes an annual table of the best heads shot. He is a well-known wild-life artist

Major Radclyffe and an Alaskan Moose

Major C. E. Radclyffe has shot some of the finest specimens of moose in existence. He has made many expeditions to Alaska and Kamchatka and is one of the old guard of big-game hunters. He has a private museum at his home in Dorset, and has written a book of first-class stories, "Round the Smoking Room Fire"

The pictures on this page are from the British section of the International Sporting Exhibition which is to be held in Berlin. The section is under the patronage of the King, and is organised by *The Field*. It will consist of several hundred first class big-game trophies as well as a pictorial survey of all British field sports. The whole exhibition should be of great interest and a similar one might well in future years be held in this country, which still reckons to rank as the sporting leader of the world. The dates of the exhibition are November 2nd-23rd

The Duke of Gloucester on Safari

The Duke of Gloucester, like other members of the Royal Family, has shot in most of the Empire's finest big-game areas. This picture of him was taken at Tali Post in the Sudan

A Classic Big-Game Photograph

This charging rhino was taken by A. Radclyffe Dugmore over thirty years ago, before the days of long-distance lenses. Yet it remains one of the finest big-game action photographs in existence

Baron

Val Gielgud—Portrait of an Author in Thought

Val Gielgud wrote and produced one of last week's new plays—the neo-Ruritanian comedy called *Punch and Judy*, which opened at the Vaudeville on Friday with Carol Goodner and Frank Cellier heading the cast. Val Gielgud is John Gielgud's brother and as much immersed in the theatre as author, producer, and drama director of the B.B.C. as his brother is as actor and producer. He has also collaborated in two film scenarios, *Death at Broadcasting House* and *Royal Cavalcade*, and has written a number of novels. In the past he has been a secretary, a sub-editor, and an actor, but found a good home when he joined the B.B.C., as he has been there nine years, and in his present job for eight. He has a wife (Barbara Druce), a son, a flat in Long Acre, and a variety of ways of passing his spare time, such as it is, the most restful of which is enjoying the company of Siamese cats

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"No, thanks—just a bit of mousetrap!"

AFTER about five years' bickering and snarks, the Haig equestrian statue is at last due for official unveiling on November 10 in Whitehall, in the presence of all the bigwigs and the absence of Lady Haig, who still dislikes it intensely. And a couple of months later, as John Betjeman recently remarked, it will be just one more mass of slowly blackening bronze above the traffic. Another bronze military mogul on horseback is also experiencing the east wind of Fortune at the moment, namely, Lord Strathnairn, who used to prance at the Knightsbridge-Brompton crossroads, and is now prancing in a Fulham storage yard. He had to be removed owing to the reconstruction of Knightsbridge Underground station, and the storage firm is now asking thirty-five shillings a week instead of a guinea for board and lodging. Westminster City Council jib strongly at this, but can't find another site, as yet.

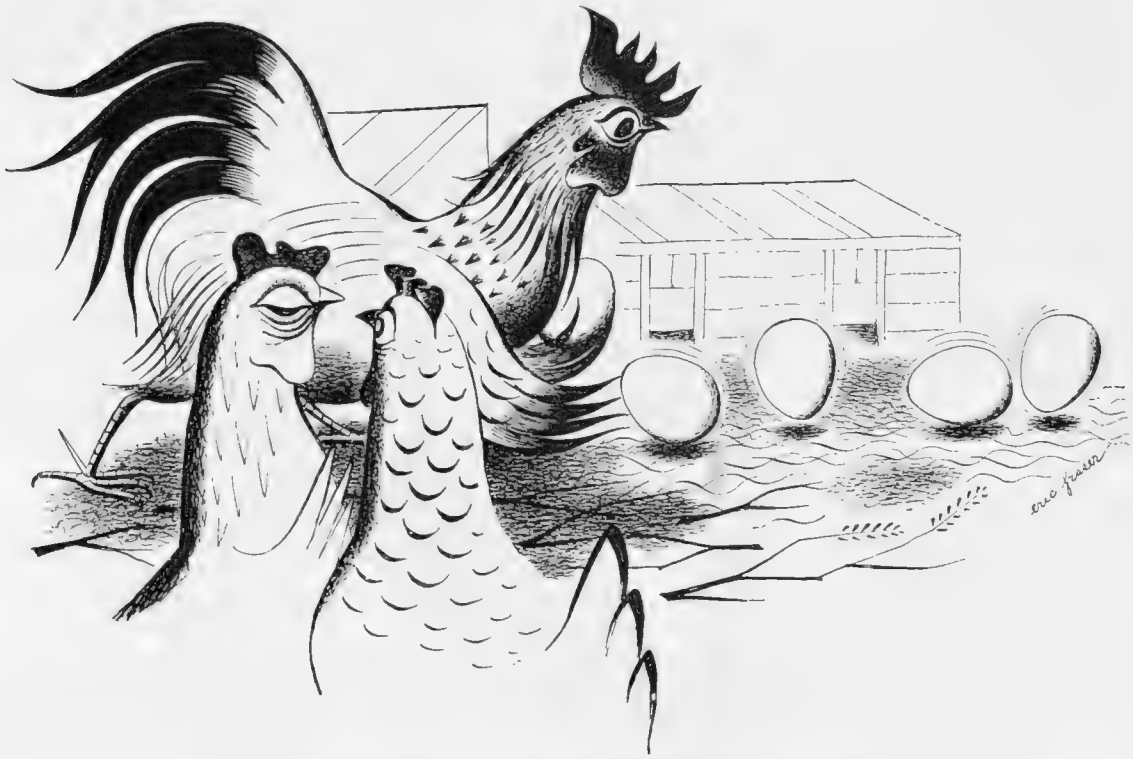
On the day when the authorities finally pluck up the courage to sweep away 90 per cent. of the 500 or more unlovely public statues, horse and foot, which discommode London traffic and clutter up our parks and gardens, we trust they'll keep all the comic ones. Mr. Betjeman's favourite is Henry Fawcett, inventor of the Parcels Post, in Vauxhall Park, with an angel about to pop a laurel wreath on his bald head from behind. (This is London's only retort to the Gambetta Memorial in the Carrousel, with those gilt anticlerical angels.) Our own favourite is Mr. Cobden in Camden Town, but we hear the Peabody statue very favourably spoken of. We have a constant tenderness also for fat George IV. bestriding his fat steed in Trafalgar Square, bareheaded and without stirrups, and Nelson's lions by Landseer look so much like Peter Pan's rabbits by Frampton that we often dance past them unconsciously on tiptoe, feeling roguey.

Incidentally, what about commissioning a sculptor to finish off the Great War series by mounting a typical General Staff brass-hat on a large bronze rabbit? This would be pleasingly symbolic, and would give Whitehall that final touch.

It Can't Happen Here

WITH what hopeless envy does not every poor dumb chapfallen hack of a British satirist, God help him, turn his eyes at the moment to New York, where George Kaufman and Moss Hart have just put on a new revue cracking at the New Deal, in which the entire American Cabinet figures on the stage, and in which one of the chief parts is that of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, played by George M. Cohan, with song and dance! The nearest thing we've seen to this was one of Rip's revues in Paris a few years ago, called *Au Temps de Gastounet*, in which the reigning President and his ministers figured, not always to their advantage, and greatly to the delight of the citizens. This (for one thing) is what is meant by that "democracy" about which our political high mukkamuks are always mouthing—the right to satirise *them*, and you can see them ever letting it happen here.

It never will, we dare aver. The middle classes who keep the Arts alive will not stand for any cracks at any sacred British institution whatsoever, from *Punch* upwards, deeming anyone who takes such a crack to be a Bolshevik, a cad, a traitor, an enemy to cricket, and a low character probably possessing foreign or Negro blood. How true this is you can see for yourselves by studying the serious Press. "Dubious taste" is a great trump-card, and explains a lot of things, at once comic and terrible.



"Such a good father—always playing with the children"

Pubbe

"HE [Lord Horder] occupied the corner of the 270-year-old chop-room in which Dr. Johnson used to sit," reported the *Times* the other day, peremptorily establishing as fact what is merely tradition. There 's no first-hand evidence whatsoever that Dr. Johnson was ever in the Cheshire Cheese. Boswell, who notes down every Fleet Street tavern in which he ever drank port, dined or supped with the big boy, never mentions the Cheese, nor does any other of Johnson's biographers. The only evidence connecting the two is an assertion by one Cyrus Redding in 1858 that he had conversed with old Fleet Street tradesmen who had seen Dr. Johnson in the building. (And, of course, two of the Doctor's houses stood close by, and the Cheese was never far away, wherever he lived.)

Only fools and dons blindly reject tradition, as has been truly said by somebody or other, and quite possibly this particular one is enough to justify the periodical candle-lit jamborees of the Johnson Club and the artless annual gambols of well-known people in fancy dress and wigs, cheering the famous steak - kidney - plover - oyster - mushroom pudding, and pretending to smoke church-warden pipes ; not to speak of that brass plate marking Johnson's favourite seat, an object of veneration to the tourist brigade every summer, and clinching the whole matter.

We don't quarrel with any of this, except that we 'd certainly hesitate to lay down the law, like Auntie *Times*, on such slender evidence. It only puzzles us to see people who reject much stronger historical tradition with scorn swallowing this rather tenuous one as eagerly as they swallow the Cheese pudding. We must be crazy, having lived thus long, to let things like this puzzle us.

Dulce et Decorum

A NOTE saying that the Horatian Society is "reviving its activities" with a dinner at Claridge's next month afforded us a passing hiccup, as any vision of British stuffed shirts decorously celebrating a licentious Roman poet at Claridge's always would. The principal speaker will be the First Lord of the Admiralty. We admit we 'd have got a much more hysterical hiccup if it had been Sir John Simon, the ideal Horatian panegyrist to our mind, especially if crowned with red roses with a dash of myrtle, saponaceous, willowy, and bland (*blandus*, a word applied by Horace to schoolmasters). However, you can't have everything.

There was a rather more congruous Horace Club at Oxford in the 'nineties, aged men tell us, composed mostly of young and ardent poets and prosateurs like Raymond Asquith, Hilaire Belloc, John Buchan, J. S. Phillimore, Laurence Binyon, Maurice Baring, Sir Rennell Rodd, and others, all since celebrated. Nearly all were lovers of wine and song not content with praising Horace but able themselves to make up poems and songs in three or four languages, some of which are still sung, e.g., the song about the beer at Washington, Sussex, which in those days was apparently something good.

"Always ask yourself the question — 'What would the Academy *have thought of him?'"*

Mixture as Before

AS expected, Lieut.-Commander Kenneth Edwards' book on the Invergordon mutiny soon stirred up the Admiralty bigwigs, one of whom has formally denounced it in the *Times*. This was because Commander Edwards lays a major amount of blame for the trouble on the Admiralty, whose "thoughtless lack of consideration" for some classes of Naval ratings suffering from the pay-cuts, which started everything and gave the agitators their chance, was nothing out of the ordinary, anyway. You don't expect tact or sympathy from brass-hats, do you ? Another point on which the bigwigs fail to get the Commander down is that everybody knows there was no public enquiry into the mutiny, and the whole Fleet agrees that the officers punished were just scapegoats. All of which is quite normal and true to form, and it would be surprising if anybody were surprised at it.

A knowledgeable chap put up to us an interesting theory last week as to why agitators have an easier job in the Navy than the Army. An Army private slanged to blazes by his platoon officer on morning parade may be yelling orders to the same officer in a Rugger match in the afternoon, whereas in a confined space like a ship there is little or no opportunity for equal contact and bonhomie off parade, and people are apt to fall over each other, with consequent nerve-strain. There may be something in it.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

I.20a.

he hits it
good and hard,
and
you momentarily
lie wondering
if it's a pelvis
or a broken spine . . .

don't you know
the feeling
of relief
when you get up
quite sound
and
some extraordinarily
understanding
fellow . . .

gives you
what
seems to be
yet another
gift from the gods
—a cigarette?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Golf Clubs at Home

Hindhead, Surrey

The Hindhead Golf Club is situated in the "Devil's Punch Bowl" type of Surrey country, and is reached from London by the main Portsmouth road. Originally laid out in 1904, it has many natural advantages, the subsoil being a quick-drying sandy loam; heather, bracken and gorse make natural hazards and add to the wooded beauty of the scenery

(1) R. L. Mathews and Manwaring Roberts (vice-captain). (2) Major E. M. Fryer (secretary). (3) F. C. H. Fryer and H. A. Smyth (ex-captain). (4) G. V. Thomson. (5) Capt. Hamilton Wilson. (6) A. Stanley Anderson. (7) T. Kemp (committee). (8) J. F. Callaway. (9) E. H. Ashby, J. Anderson and C. Grenside. (10) Capt. J. H. Turner and W. Pelmore

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10'6
per Shaker Bottle
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Also obtainable in ¼ Bottles and Miniatures

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1. *You Couldn't Go Wrong*

2. *The Minx Goes Ghost*

Did You Go?

This Year More People Than Ever Went to the Motor Show in Its Fine New Setting at Earl's Court

3. *Lord Portarlington, who is in the trade, looks at one of his firm's shining cars*

4. *The Hon. Nadine Stonor, Lord Camoys' elder daughter, takes into consideration how an Alvis looks from the back*

5. *Mr. W. E. Rootes and Lord Brecknock were talking to Lord and Lady Ratendone, who did a very thorough round of the Show.* 6. *Lord Howe, Miss Jack, and Lady Howe were in conference with one of the experts*

7. Lord Curzon, a carnation in his buttonhole, listens to sales talk with a preoccupied air. 8. Prince Birabongse of Siam is one of the celebrities, as racing-driver B. Bira, of the motoring world. 9. Mrs. Vivian Cornelius studied the luggage-space of a Rolls-Royce, while her mother Mrs. Starkey, looked on from behind. 10. Mrs. Harold Huth was taking the measure of a 3½-litre Talbot. 11. Mr. Richard Hudson, Miss Diana Barnato, and Lord Townshend were three of the Show's younger visitors. 12. Lord Hotham and Lady Winifred Cecil have recently got engaged, so were probably among the serious buyers. 13. Mr. Gordon Harker looks overwhelmed by the elegant interior of the new O.H.V. Morris "Twelve"

H. R. Percy

The 1936 Freshman Rugger Blue of Uppingham and B.N.C. will have a fight to keep his place this year, as Obolensky comes back to the Oxford wing

W. S. Kemble

Kemble was at Westcott House, Cambridge, and just missed a Light Blue cap last season: he is now the Harlequins' fastest wing

Coming over the sticks in nice style at Iffley Road are P. Allsebrook (B.N.C.), Jack Irwin (Princeton and Balliol) and A. Merz (Trinity). Irwin, captain of Princeton's track-team and one of their star hurdlers, is in residence at Oxford for a year and will give Cambridge something to think about

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE heavy-weight fight between Neusel and Strickland was a hum-dinger, if courage and fitness and determination may be reckoned as virtues. As an exhibition of boxing it was poor stuff, for Strickland was puzzled by Neusel's crouch, and allowed himself to be drawn into something very like a street-corner brawl.

This did not make the scrap any the less exciting, though we do long to see a British heavy-weight who will stand away and box, and finish off the mauling type of opponent with deadly accurate punches.

Tommy Farr will box, it is true, but he lacks the punch, though he did, very surprisingly, bowl Neusel over six months ago. Strickland can hit, and twice he had Neusel rocking as the bell went, but he needs more experience. He is young, however, and this defeat should not worry him unduly.

The Covered Courts Runner-up

This picture of Karl Schröder (Sweden) was taken in his fourth-round match when he was still holder of the covered courts lawn tennis championship. In the final at Queen's he lost it to Austin, whom he had beaten last year

America's Latest

The floor of the ring is filled ankle-deep in mud (this would appeal to war veterans) in the latest kind of all-in wrestling from San Francisco. The exponents here are Indian and Hungarian, and the sport comes from the former's country. The latter has evidently not yet sat down

Godfrey Brown's Latest

The champion quarter- and half-miler tried his hand at putting the weight during the Fresher's trials at Fenner's, Cambridge. The result was a put of thirty-four feet

As for the verdict in Neusel's favour, it was booed by the crowd, and disputed by the majority of newspaper critics. For my part, I thought Neusel did just enough to win, but then I was gabbling into a microphone all the time, and could only form a general impression.

THE result, at any rate, leaves the heavy-weight position unchanged. Had Strickland won, the B. B. of B. C. might have nominated him as challenger to Tommy Farr for the British title. Now it seems more unlikely than ever that Farr will find an opponent in this country before he returns to America.

Boxing promoters, in fact, must be scratching their heads more than somewhat just now. Interest in the forthcoming fight between Jock McAvoy and John Henry Lewis, the American negro, has diminished since Lewis took a terrific pasting from Gastanga, the Cuban heavy-weight. And it

(*Concluded on page* xii)

"SCOTCH"

STANDS FOR

SPEY ROYAL

GILBEY'S

TEN-YEAR-OLD WHISKY

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Worplesdon Final

THOSE who attend regularly the Worplesdon Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes have never seen the course play as short as it did this year, because of the dry, hard fairways. On occasions the long eleventh, which measures 520 yards, did not require two full shots; the men could get home with a spoon, and at the second longest hole, the fifteenth (485 yards), the men on occasions only required a No. 4 iron for the second shot. Usually the eleventh is out of range of two shots, and only the long, with two really good shots, can reach the fifteenth. The putting greens were rather soft, and as their surfaces were perfect, the putting and pitching were as easy as they ever can be.

IN the final, Mrs. H. M. Heppel and L. G. Crawley beat Miss Kathleen Garnham and A. S. G. Thompson by five holes up and four to play, in a match in which too many bad shots were played, generally by the men. There is little doubt that Mrs. Heppel and Crawley were the better pair, and, as many good judges of the game predicted, Mrs. Heppel's steadiness and putting dominated the play.

At one time it appeared that the winners would run away with the match, but when they were four up on the fifteenth tee Crawley topped his tee shot a few yards and lost the hole, and also the next two, and should have lost the eighteenth as well. The eighteenth hole must have had a very considerable bearing on the result. Mrs. Heppel was out-driven by quite thirty yards, and when Crawley put the second shot into a bunker well short of the green, it appeared that any reasonable shot by Thompson would give his side another win in five, and that the players would lunch all square. Thompson, however, played a most criminal shot; he sliced to glory and bushes, and his side took seven shots to the hole and lost it, and thus a probable all square became an actual two down.

This eighteenth hole also had a considerable bearing on the result of the final of 1935, when the Cradock-Hartopps, after being out of bounds, were allowed to win it in seven, due also to a badly sliced approach by the enemy, when any sort of shot in play would have won the hole.

Mrs. Heppel and her partner were round in approximately 76 against 79; however, this 76 was better than it looked on paper, for match-play, as it included a six and a seven.

ANY chances Miss Garnham and her partner had of winning were thrown away at the eighth, ninth, and tenth holes in the afternoon, where bad shots by the winners were immediately followed by worse ones by the losers. Mrs. Heppel must have thought Miss Garnham a most perfect lady: at the eighth hole Mrs. Heppel drove into a bunker, and Miss Garnham replied by putting her tee-shot behind a tree, to lose the hole to a five; at the ninth, Mrs. Heppel completely fluffed her approach, and then Miss Garnham played an exactly similar shot; at the tenth, Mrs. Heppel put her tee-shot under the rhododendron bush on the right of the green, and Miss Garnham followed her there. If Miss Garnham's side had taken its chances at these holes, the match would have been all square with eight holes to play: the actual state of it was Mrs. Heppel, four up; and the match was over bar shouting or a miracle. Miss Garnham got a hole back at the twelfth with a very good four, but her side lost the next, where Thompson put his tee-shot into a bunker. Now four down and five plus *x* holes to play, Miss Garnham and her partner saved the spectators the long walk to the fifteenth green by making a complete mess of the fourteenth hole and losing it to a five.

It was rather a tame final; after the tragedy at the eighteenth hole, the losers appeared discouraged, and refused flatly to take advantage of the many chances which were liberally given to them.

The losers had a harder row to hoe than the winners; they were taken to the eighteenth green on four occasions, including their three matches before the final, and therefore deserve sympathy and can be excused for their rather tired and listless golf in the final round.

MRS. HEPPEL, as Miss Molly Griffiths, was defeated in the final of the Ladies' Championship in 1920 by Miss Cecil Leitch, and about that time played regularly in competitions and practice rounds with Miss Joyce Wethered; she can almost be said to have brought Miss Wethered out. In the final at Worplesdon she did less wrong than any of the others, and her steadiness, combined with her very good putting, did much to decide the match in favour of her side. She held her side together during the spells when her partner left the path of golfing righteousness, and was the only player of the four who did not play a really criminal shot. She plays quickly, with no fuss, and, with one exception, only held conferences with her partner when it was necessary to do so.

Miss Helme's girls cannot possibly find a better player on whom to model themselves than Mrs. Heppel; it is a pity that more players do not try to play as well, as quickly, and as naturally as she does.

Crawley played his part well, and backed his captain up admirably. It is true he played some very naughty shots, but he made up for them by producing some wonderful strokes, especially when faced with very long second shots; his great power was a tremendous asset to his side. He has been second on nine occasions this year, so it really was about time that he won something.

Mrs. Heppel and Crawley suited each other as partners to perfection: she requires a partner who can hit the ball a long way, and he requires a partner who can assist him when it comes to the putting. They both certainly received the support which they needed.

Winners of the Worplesdon Foursomes

Mrs. Heppel and L. G. Crawley took the Worplesdon Cup from the local ladies' captain, Mrs. Steddall, after they had won it by 5 and 4 from Miss Garnham and Mr. Thompson, without ever being very far extended

Golf in the North

The North Berwick season continues, and two of its latest recruits were Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Lyon—he taking a rest from the summer's cricket: he is captain of Gloucester

Golf in the South

R. O. Wynn (Jesus) and P. G. Foster (Christchurch) were playing for Oxford in their first match of the term—against Stoke Poges round the latter's course. The result was a draw

This England . . .

Ennerdale, High Crag, and Buttermere—from Great Gable.

THE common life of England has many comforts. Why then do men climb impossible heights in unsavoury weather, to sit in a mist and meditate upon the dangers of their return? Men climb because they must. Whether they scale the heights of a fell or a Fellowship, they are driven by a physical or a mental virility to do the difficult thing—and do it well. Uncomfortable . . . and very English. And so it follows that among the things they do well are their very comforts. To brew an ale as good as Worthington is most difficult, yet this great beer did "scale the heights" of public favour these many years gone, because it was English . . . and well done.

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Worplesdon and Parliamentary

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

My respected colleague, Mr. John Morrison, is fond of saying that, according to my version of the event, no woman at Worplesdon ever plays a bad shot and hardly any man a good. That being so, perhaps it will be best to leave him to describe the wonders of the week in detail, though I have a notion that he too will give chief honours in both the final couples to the women concerned—Mrs. Heppel for quite beautiful putting, and Miss Garnham for a whole range of noble shots, played with dogged persistence and in spite of all disappointment at her partner's complete lapse from his best form. It was two men whom I overheard discussing Mrs. Heppel: "I never saw a better putter than the Heppel girl," said one. "You couldn't; there isn't one," rejoined the other, and that seemed to me as true a description of why she and Leonard Crawley won as might be put into a sentence, not forgetting also the verdict of everybody that he is as good a striker of the ball as any amateur.

Apart from that—and this is not to raise any argument with Mr. Morrison or anybody else—my very definite feeling at Worplesdon was that men are much more pleasant golfers to watch than women. Whether they are better is not the point. For sheer grace of swing, for an impression of perfect timing, of hitting the ball as it should be hit, there seems to me no comparison; the men's style is infinitely more attractive. To watch the Yorkshire Mr. Kyle, who partnered Mrs. Rhodes, or Mr. Morton Dykes, playing with Mrs. J. B. Walker, was to see easy control and power in a way which nobody amongst the women, except Lady Heathcoat-Amory now and again, Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Wanda Morgan, and Mrs. Walker with her irons, came anywhere near.

Of course, Lady Heathcoat-Amory seemed the merest bad parody of herself, with a shrunken swing of great rapidity, and a temporary loss of rhythm. There were glorious moments, when she cracked a second home at the twelfth or eighteenth, but on the whole those who had never seen Joyce Wethered can have had little idea of her genius. Nobody could possibly blame her husband because they were beaten—at least, so far as his share of the shots went, even if one dares to fancy that she has caught the shortened swing, quite unintentionally, from him. As a matter of fact, he performed prodigies of valour, pulling his wife out of the fire with forgiving recoveries and long putts, and is without doubt a very good golfer indeed; in practice the pair were round in 71 twice in the day. The depression of the crowd when the Amorys were beaten was amazing: it was as if a bubble had been pricked, or a night of frost had killed the superb Worplesdon dahlias. As for the course, and the weather, no praise is too high for them; it cannot be helped if Mr. Morrison has said that too.

Two Successful North of England Golfers

Miss Phyllis Edmeston won the Rose Bowl at Worsley with a score of 64 net (par is 74). She is the youngest competitor who has won it so far

Miss Kathleen Smith won the Worsley prize for the best net score for six months with a 62—twelve below par

And so back to Ranelagh for the Parliamentary ladies. Luckily, the fog of the day before was gone, blown away by a nice breeze which made even Mrs. Idina Mills just unable to reach the first green, though the Roehampton Foursomes winner was hitting the ball a long way. The course played short, rain being still to come, and though Mrs. Mills could not get beyond the seventeenth (and did nobly to go as far in the flag competition, with a meagre allowance of sixty-eight shots), quite a number progressed down the nineteenth and one even beyond, Lady Hampden arriving amongst the leaves under the tree beside the twentieth green before she had to plant her ticket.

In this sort of competition it seems that you play either very well or very badly: there were some major disasters even in winning cards, the winner having at least three holes for which the total shall not be recounted, and the second, who was Miss V. E. Mills, beginning with a truly terrible eleven at the first hole—too bad to be true. So she evidently thought when she arrived in the same bunker at the nineteenth hole, but she got out and within twenty inches of the hole in two more shots, and so was second to Lady Hampden, with the Hon. Mrs. John Pepys third a few yards away.

All very good fun, even if it was such a strain on the arithmetic that at least three players were still going when they should have stopped.

The afternoon brought a win for Miss Mills and Mrs. Morrison Bell at 65 after a tie with Lady Suirdale and the Hon. Mrs. David Hely-Hutchinson.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Parliamentary Ladies' Flag Competition at Ranelagh

Lady Suirdale and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. David Hely-Hutchinson, tied in the foursomes with the winners, Mrs. Morrison-Bell and Miss Mills. They played from a handicap of 17

Lady Rosemary Hills and the Hon. Mrs. John Pepys were partners for the foursomes. Mrs. Pepys was third in the flag competition: 13 yards from the nineteenth in 90 shots

Lady Betty Butler is with Mrs. Hugh Cullen, who was fifth in the flag competition, which Lady Hampden won by getting 20 yards from the twentieth in 96 shots

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PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Greatest of all Literature: By Alan Thomas

I START this week with a book that is difficult to overpraise—one that every book-lover will wish to possess and that even the most casual reader will be glad to know about. It is edited and arranged by Ernest Sutherland Bates; it is published by Heinemann at the remarkably low price of half a guinea; and the title of it is *The Bible, Designed to be Read as Literature*. There have, as Laurence Binyon says in the Introduction, been previous attempts at a reader's Bible; but the new feature of this edition is the selection and arrangement. The Books have been arranged in chronological order and according to their subject-matter, so that the whole makes a more or less consecutive story. The words of the Scriptures have not been altered, but they are presented in appropriate form—prose is printed as prose, verse as verse, drama as drama, and letters as letters. Genealogies and repetitions have been omitted; there are no footnotes or marginal comments—nothing, in fact, to distract the attention or the eye. The only possible criticism from the layman's point of view is that the book, which runs to over twelve hundred pages, is rather heavy to handle; it might have been better to publish it in two volumes. But, as it is, the single volume is a beautiful production, and all concerned are to be congratulated on their work. There is no excuse possible now for not reading the Bible.

"TALLEYRAND gave a patient shrug—'How unfortunate,' he murmured, 'that so great a man should have been so badly brought up.'" These words, spoken after one of the severest dressings-down in history, supply the title of Mr. David Pilgrim's historical romance, *So Great a Man* (Macmillan; 8*s*. 6*d*.). The story is that of Napoleon from March 1808, when the young and beautiful Walewska arrives in Paris, to January 1809, when the Emperor returns thither from Spain to deal with those two masters of duplicity, Talleyrand and Fouché. It is the period when Napoleon "entered definitely upon the meteoric course which was to bring him to earth eight years later, dark and spent, upon the field of Waterloo." Within the compass of a short note, it is impossible even to outline the main events of the story—the journeyings hither and thither over Europe; the plots and counterplots; the splendours of the Court contrasting with the rigours of the battlefield; and in the centre of it all, the dynamic figure of the Man of Destiny. I remember saying some months back that one of the advantages of history told in the form of a novel is that an imaginative writer—and Mr. Pilgrim is certainly that—can portray an historical figure, if not with complete authenticity, at all events with an actuality that will delight the reader. That this book will delight its readers I have not any doubt whatever. In America, I am told, nearly 20,000 copies were sold before publication. Over here it will indeed be surprising if *So Great a Man* does not command so great a sale. It is one of the most absorbing books that I have ever read.

MR. NORMAN COLLINS has chosen an amusing theme for his new novel, *Flames Coming Out of the Top* (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.). He has transplanted a typical product of Walham Green into the wilds of South America. The hero, Harold Dunnett, is a clerk in the employ of Govern and Fryze, Wholesale and Export Merchants, and is sent to investigate the Company's agency in the town of Amricante, which is "somewhere on the Pacific coastline between Arica and Mollendo." For all practical purposes, he played a losing hand. He began by losing the confidence of the agent and ended by losing the agent himself; he lost the girl he was in love with; he lost the girl he was engaged to; he lost a cheque for twelve thousand pounds; several times he lost his temper; he all but lost his leg; and he lost his job. Otherwise he may be said to have won through with flying colours. Nevertheless, in spite of his losses, Harold Dunnett was as blameless as the Ethiopians: he was given a job to do, but circumstances—the Latin temperament, a volcanic earthquake, the Chaco War, the imbecility of his employers, the tepid affection of his near-fiancée—proved too much for him. Yet out of the wreck he saved a good conscience and a bride. The spectacle of this conscientious little man, in strange surroundings, doing his best to uphold all that Walham Green stands for in business methods and morality is presented with a shrewd and friendly wit. *Flames Coming Out of the Top* is excellent fare if you are looking for an entertaining and well-written story.

IN Mr. William Lamb's short novel, *The World Ends* (Dent; 7*s*. 6*d*.), we are asked to assume that the whole of England—and for all I know, the whole world—is submerged in a cataclysmic flood, save for a piece of Yorkshire moorland; and that everybody is wiped out except for a farmer, his wife, three children, and an eminent author named Richard Blake. He, poor man, had happened to stray into the district in an attempt to get away from the expensive, sophisticated life of London, its problems, its dinner-parties and its talk of war. The main part of the book is a study of the relationship between the six survivors—Blake's frustrated love for the farmer's daughter; her "marriage" to one of her brothers; the farmer, with his brutal, unmerciful outlook, and Blake's ultimate serenity. There is something grim and powerful about the way the picture is presented (as there is about the three wood-engravings Mr. John Farleigh has contributed); but, though the characters are real enough, the mechanics of the story are wholly otherwise.

MANY of the pictures in Mr. Gordon Anthony's sumptuously produced *Ballet, Camera Studies* (Geoffrey Bles; 42*s*.) have already appeared in the BYSTANDER, and readers of this paper will not need to be reminded of Mr. Anthony's fine artistic judgment or of his superb technique as a photographer. As Mr. Arnold Haskell, who supplies some notes and commentaries, says in his preface, "this is no collection of pretty pictures, but a series of documents that reveal personality and character." The book contains over a hundred full-page pictures, covering the de Basil Ballet, René Blum's company, the Ballets Joos, and the Vic-Wells Ballet. No balletomane will be happy till he gets it.

Sir E. Denison Ross—a Great Orientalist

Sir Denison Ross has given his life to Oriental studies and retired only this summer from the Directorship of the School of Oriental Studies, a post he held since its establishment during the war. But his profound knowledge of, and continued research into, the languages and culture of the East have never overcast his social bonhomie, and he is well known as an after-dinner speaker and lecturer. His interests have also extended to establishing cordial personal relationships with Orientalists all over the world

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

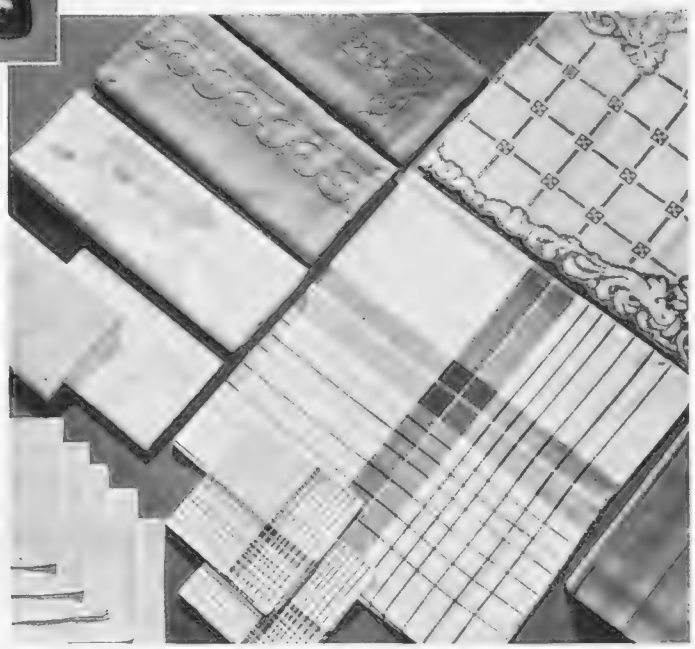
Scott Bushe

ars are very varied this ason, and nearly every nd of skin is fashionable. ussian Ermine, as white snow, is lovely for even- g, either in the shape of full-length coat or a ree-quarter cape dipping ghtly behind and trimmed ith a contrasting collar in ink or sable. Harrods, nightsbridge, are showing me beautiful models in is luxury fur, including e particularly charming ree-quarter length coat in hich the skins are worked th horizontally and ver- cally. It has puff sleeves hich cover the elbows, padded shoulders, and a small stand-up collar which stens with a fur bow. aperb silver foxes may lso be seen at Harrods who designed the finger-tip coat photographed. This is made from the finest selected skins mounted on heavy silk and cut with a graceful swing and wide spiral cuffs. Another model, also in silver fox, is cut like a dress with a full ground-length skirt and detachable cape, which fits snugly into the waist and may be worn on its own

Look To Your Linen

Fashions in interior decoration, like those in dress, are constantly changing. New colours, new paints and new ideas are always cropping up to relieve any signs of monotony, and the modern hostess is forever changing the colour scheme of her house or flat. The same thing applies to fashions in household linen, and the old plan of having everything white is fast dying out. A visit to Walpole's, New Bond Street, is a real treat, as they are not only ahead of the times but full of original and artistic ideas. They designed the table decoration on the left, consisting of hand-embroidered organdie mats in three sizes. These are available in various pastel colours and cost 32s. 6d. the set

Every bride should visit Walpole's for her Linen Chest as they have such a very varied choice. The group on the right includes a cheerful breakfast cloth in Irish linen with a brightly-coloured striped border, an embroidered afternoon tea-cloth, also in Irish linen with a Mosaic design, and a delightful Damask dinner-cloth in hand-painted linen with napkins to match. A set of embroidered sheets in fine linen with a hand-worked Indian scroll design completes the picture. Below are more sheets, blankets and bath towels. The first mentioned are seen on the left with an appliqué design in washing satin along the turnover of the top sheet and on the pillow case. These are available in all the newest furnishing colours and each set includes an extra long under-sheet and two pillow cases. A "Celacombe" wool blanket, available in pastel shades from 28s. 6d., is seen in the centre. This has a honeycomb design and combines warmth without weight. The corner of a "Cellular" wool blanket (from a guinea) may be glimpsed at the top right-hand side next to an all-wool Witney blanket in white with a coloured striped border. Finally, there are Turkish towels in all colours with a woven initial and matching bath mats



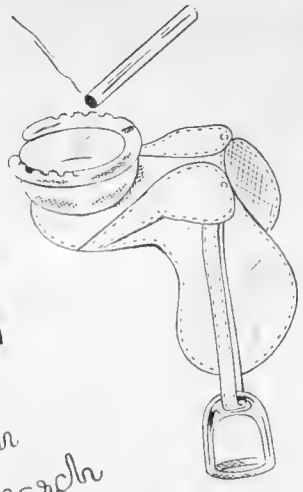
Scott Bushe

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

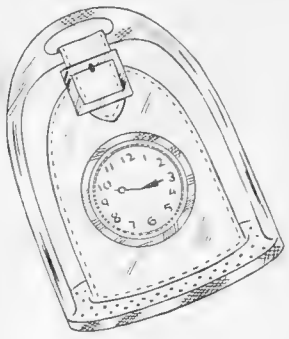
discovered by peta

pictured by pam

in search of NOVELTIES



Saddle your armchair with this sporting ashtray from Burberry's in the Haymarket. It is made of pigskin with a detachable chromium-plated bowl in the shape of a horse-shoe, and is obtainable in various colours for 10/6

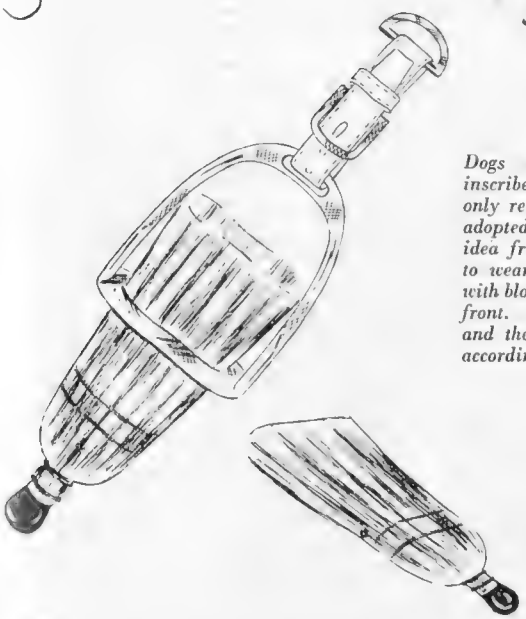


Shop and post early are popular slogans when Christmas is on the way. A travelling clock set in pigskin and suspended from a stirrup-iron is a gift suggestion from Burberry's. It costs 13/6 and would be appreciated by either sex

A delightful belt to wear with country tweeds is sketched below from the gift department at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. It is made of pigskin and fastens with a padlock watch which has a French movement and keeps excellent time

Dogs have always worn collars inscribed with their names but it is only recently that their owners have adopted the same fashion! One idea from Fortnum and Mason is to wear a gilt snake chain necklet with block capitals scattered across the front. Each letter is hand-pierced, and the price of the necklace varies according to the length of the name

It is always nice to have the world at your feet, and you can if you drop this bag which Fortnum and Mason are showing in their gift department. It is shaped like the globe, and is made in navy calf outlined with red



When dust collects on your clothes just whisk it away with the clothes'-brush sketched above. It resembles a small broom, and is supported by a stirrup-iron with a leather strap for hanging. Burberry's have it, and it only costs 9s. 6d.

This is a smart and unusual handbag which holds a considerable amount without appearing bulky. It may be seen at Fortnum and Mason in black suède with a sliding fastener, and epaulettes trimmed with ermine tails

Below: Hans Ruesch, the Swiss driver, appropriately won the Mountain Championship at Brooklands with an average of 80·41 m.p.h. in his Alfa-Romeo

Part of the Field for the Mountain Championship

The races for the Siam Challenge Trophy (won by Raymond Mays) and the Mountain Championship were the last of the Brooklands Club season and provided excellent racing. Both were held on the Mountain Course. In this picture can be seen J. H. Bartlett leading in an Alta, Ruesch cornering close in his Alfa, with K. D. Evans, also in an Alfa-Romeo, outside him

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Now that the 1937 motor-racing season is over, it is an appropriate moment to consider what we have seen in the way of racing in this country during the past seven months and what lessons for the future are to be derived from it.

In the first place, there can be no possible room for doubt that the International Grand Prix at Donington was by far the best race of the year—indeed, it was probably the finest race ever run in the British Isles. The congratulations of all enthusiasts are therefore due to Fred Craner and his Donington staff for staging such a memorable and profitable event.

Undoubtedly Donington has had the most successful season of any racing circuit during the past year. Not only were the British Empire Trophy Race, the Nuffield Trophy, the T.T., and the Grand Prix meetings very well attended, but record crowds also turned up for the Bank Holiday motor-cycle race meetings.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

NEW oil, new process, new containers

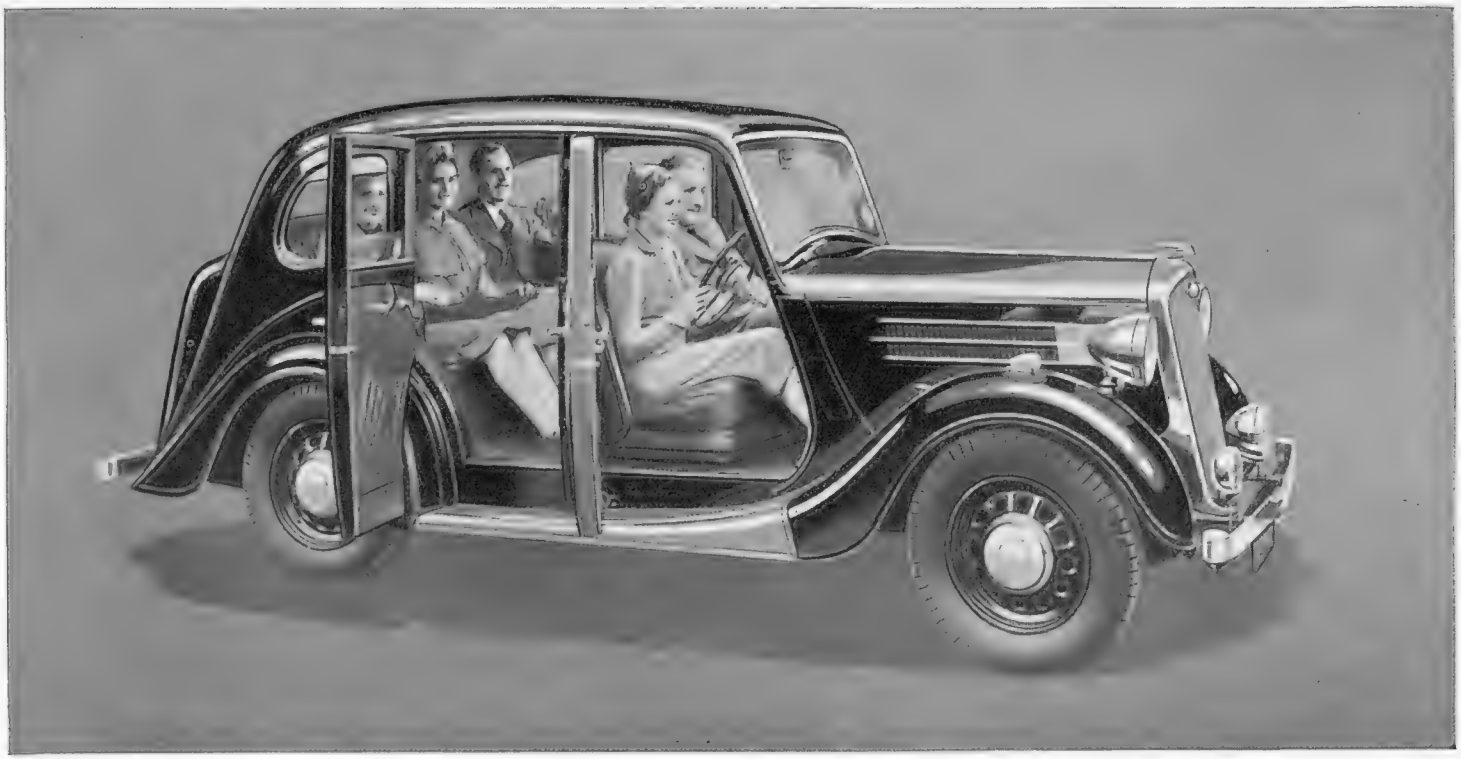
Today you will find at garages the new Shell lubricating oil, which is made at Shell Haven, Essex, by an improved solvent extraction process in a new plant. It is sold from cabinets and in the new yellow cone-shaped tins. The new Shell oil contains a special and exclusive oily compound which prevents dry starting because it makes the oil cling to cylinder walls instead of draining off when the engine cools. Most important car manufacturers have satisfied themselves that the new Shell oil is in fact a big advance in lubrication efficiency.

Hillman, Humber, Sunbeam, Talbot, after exhaustive tests, have decided to use and recommend the new Shell oil exclusively

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

The ONLY oil used and recommended by Hillman, Humber, Sunbeam and Talbot. Officially approved by Austin, Buick, Chrysler, Fiat, Ford, Lagonda, M.G., Morris, Riley, Rolls-Royce, Rover, S.S., Standard, Vauxhall, Wolseley, etc.

Wolseley **produce a remarkable new** *'12'*



NEVER before in a car of this rating have 5 people been afforded so generous an amount of space. A newly designed frame gives a rear track of no less than 4 ft. 8 ins. affording each back-seat passenger 20 ins. of elbow room! Head room and leg stretch are equally generous yet this spaciousness is cleverly disguised in graceful body lines.

A new system of springing—"Phased Suspension"—setting new levels of road travel in comfort, and every feature that can contribute to greater comfort, absence of fatigue, and safe driving has been incorporated. This remarkable car widens the scope of 12 h.p. ownership out of all recognition.

the new

WOLSELEY *5 seater* 12/48 *h.p* SALOON

Wolseley

is priced at from £245. New Super Sixes roomier and more luxurious than ever are also announced — prices from £380, completing, with the outstandingly successful 14/56 h.p. and 18/80 h.p. models, the most distinguished range of motor cars on the road today.

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England.

THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

BETTER BUILT. A BRITISH CAR

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page vi)*

The opening and closing meetings at the Crystal Palace attracted fairly good "gates," but even these fell far short of the anticipations of the promoters, while the attendances at intervening meetings have been very disappointing. I am told that the B.B.C.'s experimental television broadcast of the last Crystal Palace race was a huge success, so this may have the effect of attracting crowds there next year. Let us hope so, for although the racing is not of a high order by serious standards, yet, as a circus-like spectacle, it is vastly entertaining, and it is quite obvious that the onlookers get their full money's-worth.

And now as to Brooklands. . . . Brooklands has a fascination all its own and its devotees may always be relied upon to support it; but no track of the size of Brooklands can keep going on such a band of enthusiasts alone. It must be admitted that Donington has made certain inroads into Brooklands' preserves during the past season. Already the British Empire Trophy Race, the J.C.C. "200," and several events of lesser calibre have moved to the Midlands circuit from Brooklands, and other events may follow unless those at Weybridge can devise some dynamic means of stopping them.

Great things were expected of the Campbell Circuit, but it appears that the Brooklands authorities are not proposing to run long-distance races over this circuit next year. Thus the Campbell Trophy Race will go by the board and as a substitute we shall have short races over this course, which I believe to be a mistaken policy. In Campbell Circuit racing, the cars spend much of their time too far away from the spectators to be readily distinguishable from each other or for the drivers' racing tactics to be appreciated. A short race over this circuit, therefore, becomes a sort of start and finish with a void in between. On the other hand, a long-distance race does provide a certain amount of incident for the spectators all the time when once the competitors have become strung out.

There is still and always will be a fascination, a tradition, about the very name "Brooklands" which every other track in the world must envy.

Brooklands' outer circuit racing will always have its appeal. Real speed—laps at 130 m.p.h.-140 m.p.h.—must always attract a certain section of the motor-racing public, but this section is not big enough in itself to pay for the upkeep of the track, and the time has now come for a change of policy as to the other types of racing there.

My own view as to what is wanted is an incorporation of the good features of Donington and the Crystal Palace with the best existing features of Brooklands.

At Donington they seem to pay more attention to the spectator's psychology and they frame their events to satisfy the onlooker.

At Brooklands they seem rather to adopt the attitude: "Our racing committee knows what 's wanted. We have decided to run a race on the following lines. The public must come along and enjoy it."

The Crystal Palace, on the other hand, conduct their affairs in a lighthearted spirit of informality which at times borders on the impertinent.

Too much red tape will kill any sort of enthusiasm, but too little makes for chaos and danger. In the nice distinction between the two lies success in the running of motor races.

In London during the Motor Exhibition a joint statement was issued by the following car-makers: Austin, Autovia, Bentley, Hillman, Humber, Riley, Rolls-Royce, Rover, Singer, Talbot.

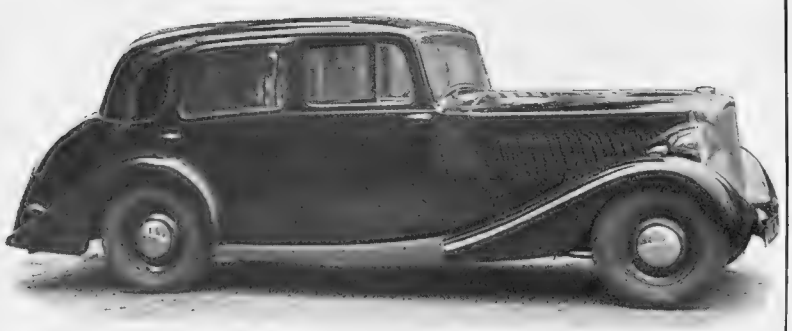
The statement reads: "At this season of the year the correspondence received by our Service Departments indicates that an increasing number of motorists fail to follow the advice given in our official Instruction Books to the effect that a lighter grade of engine oil is required in winter. This is necessary because all oils become thicker when cold, so summer grade oil in winter makes starting difficult and fails to circulate quickly to the vital parts during the first few minutes' running. Some motorists, practising false economy, continue to run their cars during the winter on a summer lubricant, and so incur the risk of harming their engines.

"In their own interests, motorists should follow the recommendations given in our Instruction Books and change over to a lighter grade of oil during the winter months."

That the firms who market oil are alive to the need for care in this respect is evidenced by the recent introduction by two of the largest firms of special winter oils.

Of all the recent research into the refinement of oil, however, there is no more interesting result than the new lubricant introduced by the Shell Company. Its exceptionally high lubricating power is due to the fact that it is fortified with a special oily compound and is produced by an improved solvent refining process, using furfural as the solvent, under conditions uniquely suited to such a process at the Company's new plant at Shell Haven, Essex. Among other advantages urged for the new Shell oil is the claim that it behaves in a similar manner whether hot or cold, thus demonstrating its flat viscosity curve.

RAILTON



SIX CYLINDER 16 H.P. SALOON—£399

This new model for 1938 gives the same body space as the straight eight, combined with the excellent appearance, road holding, silence and reliability, which are synonymous with the name Railton. The tax is only £12 15s., which, with the smooth performance now so well known, makes a very remarkable and economical car.

RAILTON CARS : FAIRMILE : COBHAM : SURREY

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CUSENIER'S

LIQUEURS (36 kinds)

Offer guests the three below:

FREEZOMINT

(The leading brand of CRÈME de MENTHE)

APRICOT BRANDY

CRÈME DE CACAO

British Cars are Better Built

BUY A BRITISH CAR

-and last longer

THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

New Ideas in the Air

By Charles Ward

THE revival of the "tricycle" for such a modern vehicle as an aeroplane may seem a retrograde step, yet by its adoption as a design for the undercarriage, landing is made safer. In 1912 there were aircraft not fitted with a tail-skid; and after twenty-five years, the scheme has been revived by General Aircraft. Much less skill and judgment is claimed for the three-wheel chassis, as the 'plane can be flown on to the ground without undue shock, and the cabin always remains in flying position, which makes entry and exit easier; also passengers are not disturbed by the tilting of the cabin when taking off or during a landing. Although the actual speed of contact with the ground may be greater, brakes can be brought into use immediately, with no risk that the aircraft will nose over. A retractable chassis can be designed, so that no loss of efficiency in the air is experienced. Tests have included a landing by someone who had never brought a machine in before, and by an old pilot who had vowed some years ago that he would never fly again until an easier method of alighting had been designed. In both cases landings were completely satisfactory, and there was no tendency to bounce. In Germany, there has been much publicity for the "Stork," a type with a speed-range of 30 to 130 miles an hour. Handley Page point out quite fairly that it embodies their slotted-wing devices and is similar in performance to the "Gugnunc," which did so well in the American Guggenheim trials some years ago. The advantages of slots and flaps have been applied to most modern aircraft, but it is in the slow-flying range that they compare favourably with the Autogiro and other rotating-wing types. New Zealand has placed an order with de Havillands for seven "Tiger Moths" as re-equipment for subsidised clubs. A special advantage concerns the "Gipsy Major" engine, now scheduled for overhaul after 1000 hours, equivalent to two years of normal club operation. Light 'planes have been in the news again, what with General and Mrs. Lewin losing their Whitney Straight in the treacherous swamps of the Soudan, and Jean Batten flying back again from Australia in her Percival "Gull" in an attempt to beat Broadbent's record.

"Maia," the porter, about to take the strain. In flight, the two aircraft appear as one and the pilot of the lower component, the flying-boat, has complete charge of all operations. Just prior to the moment of separation, the pilot of the mailplane above obtains full use of his own controls

BY APPOINTMENT

THE BEAUTY OF 'THE MOST INTERESTING CAR OF THE YEAR'

This beautiful car will awaken interest at first glance, but it is beauty wedded to comfort, and comfort to the road-holding qualities of a modern racing car — beauty and dignity combined with dash — that make this new Daimler the most interesting car of the year. How was it done? By patient experiment under four headings. Modification of a sound system of independent front wheel springing. Torsional sway control. Distribution of weight. Inter-axle seating. The result is a perfectly-proportioned 5-seater car that floats over bad road surfaces — yet corners as though on rails — that takes fast curves without roll or sway. You will find the steering of this car the lightest, yet the most positive, you ever handled. Certainly an interesting car — as a trial would show.

- **Independent front wheel springing**
- **Anti-roll control bars front and rear**
- **Inter-axle seating. Positive steering**
- **Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox**

(*Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents*)

THE NEW Daimler 'FIFTEEN'

(16.2 H.P.) SIX-LIGHT SALOON £475

See this car at your nearest distributor or write to THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY, *and arrange a trial.*

BRITISH CARS LAST LONGER

Strange

"COIN OF THE REALM"

IV. *by Rolling Stone*

When you meet Mrs. Browne, of "The Elms," in the High Street, it's an automatic reaction with you to raise your hat; just one of the little courtesies of life, and it costs you nothing.

But if every lift of the hat were to knock a little off your bank balance, would the reaction be so automatic?

Food for thought?

Yet in some districts of Ethiopia that is the way of things. For there, slabs of crystal salt pass as legal tender and it is considered just good manners when meeting a friend, to proffer a "coin" to be licked. Thus the display of one's breeding knocks at one's pocket, the "coin" deteriorating in value with each lick!

Sounds quaint, doesn't it? That's one of the fascinations of globe-trotting—strange encounter here, bizarre custom there . . . all serving to enrich your conversation, add colour to the theme, when the yarns are spinning merrily during that week-end at the Jones's.

If you are thinking of hitting the sunshine trail this Winter, there's a wide field of romantic travel to choose from . . . Madeira, Africa, Bermuda, Florida, Nassau, California, West Indies, South America, the Orient and far East, Australia, New Zealand . . .

Any office of Cooks will gladly give you a copy of their handbook on World Travel—

"WINTER SUNSHINE OVERSEAS"

which contains particulars of tours and round voyages at greatly reduced fares.

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Modern Restaurant-Ballroom for 200 patrons, Cocktail and Snack-Bar. Club facilities. LIVE in Chelsea's smartest building.

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4/6

REFILLS 3/6

Tattoo Ltd.

NEW

TATTOO

BRINGS A NEVER BEFORE DEWINESS!

You'll look in the mirror after using the new Tattoo and say 'Hello beautiful!' For new Tattoo gives an innocent dewy fresh-from-school look to lips! Sweet and lovely . . . tender and true . . . how it's done is a Tattoo secret! Stays put, too—no making-up, making-up, making-up all through the day. No puckering, no drying—it's an honour-bright promise! All the mad, glad Tattoo South-Sea-Island shades give dawn-dewy lips! Make a date with a girl's best friend—with the new Tattoo!

THE NEW 'STAY-NEW'

TATTOO

"HAWAIIAN" *is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine.* Positively *won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!*

"EXOTIC" *is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.*

At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

"CORAL" *has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes*—dewy too!

"NATURAL"—*a medium shade—is a true, rich, blood colour. An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!*

"PASTEL" *is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!*

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 150)*

is reasonably certain that the B.B.B. of C. will not raise their ban on Carnera's appearance in this country. Their contention, quite reasonably, is that Carnera has not fought for a long time, and that he must therefore prove himself by a fight in Europe before he is allowed to appear here.

TALKING of Boards of Control, we seem to be in for some controversy in the cricket world before long.

Next month the Board meets to reconsider the hours of play in next summer's Test matches. A proposal will be put before the Board by the Cricket Advisory Committee that play shall be from 11.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. every day, instead of from 11.30 a.m. on the first day and 11 a.m. on the following days. This docks one and a half hours off each match, which means that we are likely to have more drawn games than ever.

It is true that the 11 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. period is too long, and imposes a too great strain on the players, who strongly object to it. The proposal is meant to deal with this difficulty, but in my opinion it goes the wrong way about it.

The logical and common sense solution is to shorten the hours of play but increase the duration of test matches from four to five days. This would meet all objections. It would give the players a chance, and greatly increase the likelihood of finishes. The public, I am certain, would welcome the innovation. It does seem absurd, doesn't it, for the Australians to travel thousands of miles, and then be faced with the probability of drawn matches? There is still time for the Board of Control to agree to the five-day plan, and most cricketers hope that the sensible course will be taken.

THE weather, incidentally, still makes these thoughts of cricket appropriate, though footballers and hunting folk could do with a little winter, and fishermen still have dismal tales to tell of slow streams and blank days. We need some steady rain, and plenty of it, if hunting is to be possible when the season opens. Cubbing, moreover, has been curtailed, and with hard ground and poor scent reports are depressing, though the Bicester, the Grafton and the Belvoir are going tolerably well.

NATURALLY, scoring has been high in Rugby football, and Cambridge have started with a flourish. If the Cambridge pack can settle down to real scrummaging, the side as a whole should be a smasher. J. D. Low last year was one of the best scrum-halves in the country, and now he has, in R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, an exceptionally brilliant partner. The Cambridge midfield players, indeed, look like making history, for W. H. Roden seems to be in his best form, and J. G. S. Forrest's speed will find holes in any defence.

I SAW Oxford play their first game, and although they only just struggled home against the Old Merchant Taylors, there were signs that the Varsity match will by no means be one-sided. I like the look of young C. R. Bourne, the Cheltenham freshman at stand-off half, and T. A. Cowan is a fine upstanding centre who should keep his place, though Oxford's midfield problems are not settled, by a long chalk. Two South Africans may come into the picture yet—R. A. Luyt, a centre with a big reputation, and E. Tucker, said to be one of the most promising stand-off halves ever produced by the Union.

Barring misfortune, Oxford will have exceptional pace on the wings, for A. Obolensky is on the war-path again, and H. R. G. Percy, who may play on the left wing, is remarkably fast and determined. The Oxford pack, moreover, will surely hold its own, and if R. M. Marshall—a namesake of mine, but no relation—does not go near an England cap this winter, I shall be much surprised.

IT is sad to think, by the way, that we may not see H. S. Sever in representative football again. Sever last year was the outstanding England three-quarter, and that smashing try of his which won the match against Ireland in the last minute will be remembered for many years to come. It was Sever also who came into the centre, and went banging through to score the decisive try against Scotland at Murrayfield, and it was his dropped goal which beat the Welshmen at Twickenham by a single point. This is a remarkable record. England only just scraped home in all three matches, and each time Sever produced the deciding score. England will miss him sadly.

I SUPPOSE we should be turning our thoughts to international affairs, for the Welshmen have already begun their trial matches. There is, I am told, considerable optimism in Scotland, and in Wales the authorities are not unduly despondent. In England the prospects are somewhat chaotic. Outstanding players are few, but competent ones are legion. I have seen various members of the Selection Committee at club matches. They smile cheerfully, but their brows are furrowed. Only in Ireland do they quietly bide their time, confident that when the big games come along they will be able to produce fifteen Irishmen capable of bustling all comers by sheer gusto and spirit.

Point of Honour *(Continued from page 134)*

"My dear man," said Miss Cadman, with a perfumed geniality, "in the first place, I won't pay thirteen thousand to fill up my little wall. In the second place, I 'm very, very *partial* to your cat. I must say I 'm *très* partial to that pussy-cat. Cunning!"

Tom turned around and set the cat out before the Renoir. He shrugged, he lighted a cigarette. There was an air of profound regret in his voice when he said:

"As you will: the cat is priced at twenty thousand."

They all listened to the street below; there was a silence in the room until Miss Cadman stamped her foot.

"Don't be silly!" she said. "It 's just what I want. What do you *mean*? What are you *talking* about? The Renoir is only thirteen thousand. Dunn, talk to him!"

She stopped her petulance and smiled with a vast coquetry at Tom, who was looking at her with open dislike.

"I hate people," said Tom, slowly and with a pure politeness, "who regard pictures as wall-paper."

Mr. Dunn laughed, as if this were a delightful whimsy.

"Wall-paper!" cried Miss Cadman. "I never heard of such talk! What in the *world* . . ."

She fetched open her lorgnon again, and looked angrily at Tom. She was glad that his shirt was frayed, that his trousers didn't match his coat, and that his shoes were scuffed and unpolished. She hated him for looking distinguished in such shabbiness. Mr. Dunn, who was profoundly elegant, looked bloodless in his clothes. She slapped her bosom with her glass and thought with rage of the cheque-book in her purse, that had never failed her before.

"Where is Mr. Regan?" she demanded. "I shall take this matter up with him. I want that picture. It 's perfectly ridiculous to charge such a price for it."

"Mr. Regan is in Paris," said Tom. "I 'd be glad to show you anything else—perhaps a coloured lithograph—we have some charming ones . . ."

Mr. Dunn said to himself, "I 'll never try to help that fool again. He 'll get fired. Katie won't buy *any*thing now. Let him starve—he 's such a . . ."

Miss Cadman stood up. There were tears in her eyes. Her small, red mouth was troubled by her caught breath. Tom regarded her with entire friendliness; it maddened her. She wanted to do something—pull his necktie or his hair; he was polite, he was firm, he was strong, he was secure. It was intolerable that there was anything in life so secure as Tom's pride. She felt herself getting white to her very eyes; what use was it? Why should she grieve her heart out for the white cat in the sunlight on his cushion? If he was strong, so was she. Her strength was a thing he clearly envied. Look at that shirt, those wretched shoes! He was only a miserable little painter. He had insulted her. She was a very intelligent woman—everybody said so. Dear Katie, such exquisite taste, so clever with her money . . .

Mr. Dunn sighed as Tom put out his cigarette, and began piling the canvases back in their stack behind the green curtain.

Miss Cadman went forward and slapped Tom on the arm.

"Did you say twenty thousand?" she said, her voice cloudy with the tokens of her own artistic pride.

Tom stood up and stared at Dunn to see if he had heard it too. Dunn nodded, with a face like a clown, ready to laugh, arrested in a grimace like grief.

"Why, yes," said Tom, sounding very foolish, and feeling more so.

Miss Cadman went to the table where the negro sculpture stood, pushed it aside and wrote out a cheque. She turned and gave it to Tom, her hands trembling, her eyes now dry with force. Then she went to the wall and took the canvas of the cat in sunlight and looked at it as if it were her greatest achievement. The money didn't matter: she was so rich that her income was a secret. It was also a solace. As long as she could do things like that, she thought . . .

Tom was blushing. She knew that he would offer to return the cheque if she stayed another minute, which would ruin everything. She possessed the picture. She went downstairs. Mr. Dunn followed her, after winking with congratulation at Tom, murmuring, "Pretty slick!"

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Pamela Brendon and Bobby Binns are first cousins, and are engaged to two first cousins: Pamela Brendon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rundle Brendon, of Two Gates, Esher, is to marry Oswald Cary-Elwes, the Lincolnshire Regt., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cary-Elwes, of 13, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.; Bobby Binns, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Henry Binns, of 9, Campden Street, W.8, is to marry Humphrey Sherston-Baker, son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Dodington and Lady Sherston-Baker

Dunkels — Renton

George Anthony Dunkels, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dunkels, of Boulter's Lock, Maidenhead, Berks., married Mollie Renton, only child of Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Renton, of Doncaster, at Brompton Parish Church

Boden — Tulloch

Leonard Boden, son of Mr. John Boden, of Pollokshields, Glasgow, and Margaret Tulloch, daughter of Mr. A. P. S. Tulloch, of St. Margaret's, Busby, Glasgow, were married at Brompton Oratory

Bassano

Fay Cook

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Caldwell Cook, of Little Batsford, Gerrards Cross; she is engaged to Cairns Vezey Raffety, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Raffety, of Underwood, Beaconsfield

Douglas

Nyria Joy Thompson

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hepworth Thompson, of Fairwinds, Englefield Green, Surrey, and is to marry James Lorn Lawson, of 85, Eastbourne Mews, W.2, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Lawson, of The Mount, Kilmarnock

Lenare

Jan Kemp Brown

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, of Easter Livilands, Stirling; she is engaged to Bernard Peter Alderson, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alderson, of Burwash, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Valerie Le Marchant

Is the only daughter of Admiral and Mrs. E. R. Le Marchant, of The White Cottage, Woodgreen, Fordingbridge; she is to marry George A. Jonas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jonas, of Avonside, Fordingbridge, Hants.

Pearl Freeman

Diana Bowly

Is the younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. A. T. Bowly, of the Duke of York's Military School, Dover, and is engaged to Captain C. E. H. Dolphin, son of the late Cyril Dolphin and Mrs. Aubrey Taylor, of Bournemouth

Lenare

Louisa Luttrell

Is the eldest daughter of the late Hugh Luttrell, M.P., and Mrs. Luttrell, of Bussage, Glos.; she is engaged to Lieut.-Com. Philip Reid, R.N., son of the late Sir Arthur Reid and Lady Reid, of 47, Tedworth Square, S.W.3

Bassano

Florence Mary Dickey

Is the daughter of Maj. and Mrs. H. R. Addington, of 38, Roland Gardens, S.W.7, and is engaged to Orde Charles Staple Dobbie, R.A., youngest son of Major-Gen. W. G. S. Dobbie, G.O.C., Malaya, and Mrs. Dobbie

Vandyk

Justina Amphlett

Is the youngest daughter of the Rev. G. and Mrs. Amphlett, of Four Ashes Hall, near Stourbridge; she is to marry James Waller Pinney, younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. F. W. Pinney, of Devereux House, Coleshill, Warwick

Marshall — Tankard

At St. Martin's, Scarborough, Flt.-Lt. A. Bingham Marshall, son of Dr. and Mrs. Bingham Marshall, of Burlington Court, Eastbourne, married Dorothy Henrietta Tankard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Tankard, of Holbeck Hill, Scarborough

Colborne-Baber — Moore

Wellesley Malcolm Colborne-Baber and Sybil Barbara Moore were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields by the Rev. Pat McCormick. She is the daughter of Colonel G. A. Moore, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Moore, of 44, Harcourt Terrace, S.W.10

Yates — More O'Ferrall

Clement M. S. Yates, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Yates, of Cranham, Berkhamsted, Herts., and Marjorie More O'Ferrall, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald More O'Ferrall, of Lisard, Edgeworthstown, Ireland, were married at St. Mary's Priory, Fulham

Everett — Firth

Captain George Everett, Royal Artillery, and Barbara Valerie Firth, only daughter of the late Major Denys Firth, Duke of Wellington's, and Mrs. Firth, of Vicar's Close, Biddenham, Beds., were married at Biddenham

Bell — Marshall

At St. Andrew's, Kelso, Henry Peter Bell, elder son of Lieut.-Col. H. S. Bell, D.S.O., of Bavington Hall, Northumberland, married Eleanora Ann Marshall, daughter of Major and Mrs. A. C. Marshall, of Cherrytrees, Kelso

Banks — Steel

At All Souls', Langham Place, Commander William Eric Banks, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Walter Banks, married Mabel Pringle Steel, younger daughter of the late J. W. Steel and Mrs. M. Steel, of Hong Kong

Langton — Gibbs

John Stephen Langton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Langton, of Kits Croft, Eversley, Hampshire, and Constance Elizabeth Gibbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gibbs, of Charnwood, Blackwater, Hants., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Gairdner — Matthews

Lieut.-Com. J. O. H. Gairdner, second son of the late Canon Temple Gairdner and Mrs. Gairdner, of 19, Albert Road, N.W., married Margaret Joyce Matthews at St. Martin's, Brasted, Kent; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Matthews, of Heverswood, Brasted

Miller — King

Thomas de Burgh Miller, Royal Corps of Signals, son of Brig. and Mrs. H. de B. Miller, of Dava, Farnham, Surrey, and Nina Margaret King, only daughter of the late Major Andrew King and Mrs. J. F. Crombie, of Gorsehanger, Farnham, were married at St. Thomas on the Bourne, Farnham

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 27 — November 2

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—The fine and gripping play about a Jesuit brotherhood has transferred complete to the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—Emlyn Williams, Marie Ney Jean Cadell in Tyrone Guthrie's production of Shakespeare's sombre play about lust: Old Vic, 8. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about Keith Winter's Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PUNCH AND JUDY.—Val Gielgud's latest stars Caro Goodner, Frank Cellier, Aileen Marson: Vaudeville. 8.30. Tues., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse. 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Family comedy in a vicarage with Felix Aylmer, Mary Jerrold, Diana Churchill: Ambassadors, 8.30. Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson's newest riot has Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Debroy Somers' band, etc.: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER.—Irene Eisinger, Arthur Margetson, Nora Swinburne lead a strong cast in a tuneful and clever piece about Frans Hals: Adelphi, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 97.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RHAPSODY ON ICE.—A skating ballet spectacle: Covent Garden, 6.15 and 9. Sat., 2.30.

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ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

TAKE IT EASY.—This musical has had a new start with a fresh version; Gene Gerrard and Barbara Blair: Palace, 6.20 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

BLONDIE WHITE.—Basil Sydney, Basil Radford and Joan Marion in a stimulatingly novel detective plot Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Rose Bampton

The youngest prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, gives a Queen's Hall recital next Tuesday. Her voice range covers three octaves

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAST STRAW.—Marius Goring in another gruesome thriller, baulked of revenge on Oxford hearties by Lucie Mannheim, who also produced the play: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat. 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The crazy gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

CONFESSION (American).—Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone in the Hollywood version of *Mazurka*: New Gallery.

EBB TIDE (American).—A Technicolor of the South Seas, beachcombers, etc.; Frances Farmer and Ray Milland head the strong cast: Plaza.

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—The classic from Pearl Buck's novel, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni, is at the Dominion.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR (British).—Marlene Dietrich as an escapist Russian countess, Robert Donat as her Scarlet Pimpernel; good authenticity: London Pavilion.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name part: Carlton.

NIGHT MUST FALL (American).—Robert Montgomery takes Emlyn Williams' stage part, with Rosalind Russell and May Whitty, in this gruesome thriller: Marble Arch Pavilion.

NITCHEVO (French).—Harry Baur gives a fine performance opposite Marcelle Chantal in this story of gun-running and submarines: Berkeley.

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN (French).—Sacha Guitry has launched into history in a big way with an Anglo-English cast including Jacqueline Delubac, Yvette Pienne, Lyn Harding: Curzon.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a Technicolor tragedy, excellently acted revealing the inside of the film world: Tivoli.

THEY WON'T FORGET (American).—Claud Rains, Gloria Dickson, Edward Norris and Otto Kruger are in this: Regal.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Wallbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE (American).—Shirley Temple as Kipling's little "boy" among hardened soldiers—Aubrey Smith and Victor McLaglen—on the North-West Frontier: Gaumont.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

MADAME BUTTERFLY.—To-night, 27th, 8.
THE MAGIC FLUTE.—Thurs., 28th, 8.
CARNAVAL, THE WEDDING BOUQUET, CHECKMATE.—Fri., 29th, 8.30.
AÏDA.—Sat., 30th, 2.30.
RIGOLETTO.—Sat., 30th, 8.
THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, POMONA, CASSE-NOISETTE ACT III.—Tues., 2nd, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

GIGLI.—Albert Hall, Sun., 31st, 3 p.m.

ROSE BAMPTON.—Queen's Hall, Tues., 2nd, 8.30.

Concerts

L.S.O.—Szell conducts, Moiseiwitsch is soloist in a Beethoven concert; Egmont overture, Emperor concerto and seventh symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 27th, 8.15.

ÆOLUS Concert.—The Boyd Neel Orchestra and three soloists in a Mozart programme: Grotrian Hall, to-night 27th, 8.45.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in Rossini, Rimsky-Korsakov, Bloch, Tchaikovsky and a Boccherini 'cello concerto (Piatigorsky): Queen's Hall, Thurs., 28th, 8.15.

PRAGUE PHILHARMONIC.—Rafael Kubelik conducts in their last appearance.—Queen's Hall, Fri., 29th, 8.30.

B.B.C.—Toscanini conducts the orchestra and chorus in Brahms' Tragic Overture and Requiem.—Queen's Hall, Sat., 30th, 8.30.

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS.—Operettas in costume under Dr. Grüber: Queen's Hall, Mon., 1st, 8.15.

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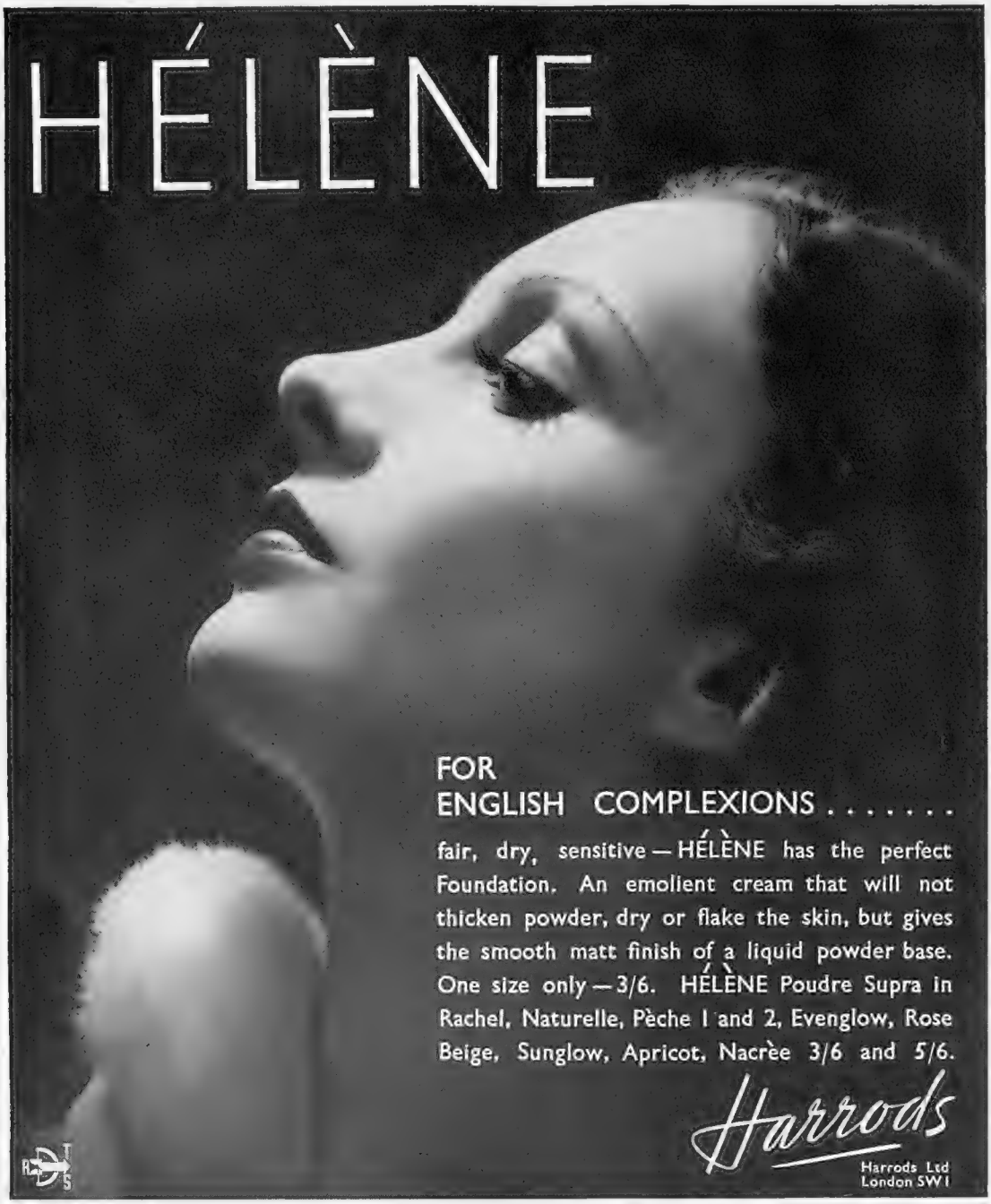

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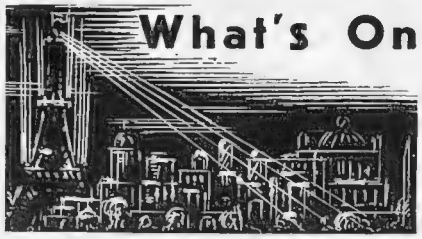
PARIS 1937



The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

EXHIBITION FAREWELL

Now that the Exhibition is drawing to a close, record crowds are being registered every day by the huge *totalisateur* or score-board which stands near the Tour Eiffel. Almost twenty-five million people have visited the Exhibition to date, and there will probably be another ten million before it is over because the authorities have decided to prolong it until November 20th. In this way the delay in opening will be partly compensated and many people who otherwise would not have been able to see the Exhibition have a few weeks of grace to visit the greatest world's fair in history.

One of the minor sports at the Exhibition is betting on which pavilion will win the award of having been the most popular success. It is a curious fact that some of the pavilions have received relatively few visitors; others have been crowded from morning to night. While the Russian and German pavilions have attracted thousands, some pavilions of smaller countries have been equally favoured. Austria, with its transplanted Viennese terrace-café; Hungary, with its gypsy orchestra; Finland, with its remarkable exhibits of rugs and ceramic; Poland—perhaps the most artistic pavilion of all—and Belgium with its amazing display of diamonds, have all enjoyed great popularity.

For the British visitor interested in learning about France, the Centre Regional, which is composed of pavilions typical of every French province, provides a unique bird's-eye-view of the entire country. The amazing diversity of France is brilliantly illustrated by the exhibits in the various pavilions: the picturesque coasts of Brittany, the smiling beaches of the Basque country, the mountains of Savoie, the hilly forest country of Perigord . . . France would seem to have a sample of every kind of landscape and seascape in the world.

Fortunately, the Centre Regional and other French exhibits, such as that of their Colonies and their industries, will probably be open to the public next year as well. While there is yet no official announcement of the fact, the popular demand is so great that the International Exhibition of 1937 will, in all likelihood, be continued as a National Exhibition in 1938. The Parisian public has become so fond of its Exhibition that it does not readily wish to relinquish its pleasures—especially since most of the national exhibits were finished so late after the opening.

LIFE IN PARIS

Theatres

The Exhibition has had a reviving effect on the French theatre. The performances of such great foreign theatres as the Moscow Art Theatre, the Habimah, and others which were held in the Exhibition's theatres seem to have stimulated the French to great efforts and Paris promises to become once more the theatrical centre of Europe. The Comédie Française, that stronghold of dusty old classics, has taken on new life under the direction of Edouard Bourdet, and such old plays as Corneille's *L'illusion* and Musset's *Le Chandelier* become fascinating in their modern settings. The Comédie Française is no longer a place to visit merely for its historical associations—but a lively theatre of to-day, where one can be sure of a pleasant evening.

The Théâtre de l'Œuvre, tiny, uncomfortable but delightfully *intime*, is one of the focal points of the French theatrical renaissance. During the last year this theatre has presented several extremely interesting plays, coming to a special artistic climax with the latest work of Jean Cocteau, *Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*. Basing his play on the legend of King Arthur and his knights, Cocteau has written a moving drama of mediæval magic which has modern overtones. Claiming that the Holy Grail is none other but the symbol of the balance of spiritual and material values in the individual, Cocteau has given his play a deep philosophical significance. The costumes of the play—fantastic and lovely creations of Mlle. Chanel—make every scene a delight to watch.

Other notable plays now showing in Paris are Giraudoux's *Electre*, at the Athenée, *Madame Bovary* (with extraordinary settings by Gaston Baty, at the Théâtre Montparnasse, and *Volpone*, at the Atelier.

Revues and musical shows in Paris have also found new formulas and are very brilliant. Mistinguett, phenomenally youthful, gives a speedy tempo to the revue, *Ca c'est Parisien*, at the Mogador. Josephine Baker's dark charm is to be enjoyed at the Folies-Bergère, where she sings and dances in *En Super-Folies*. At the Alcazar, Henry Varna has produced one of those highly artistic revues for which Paris is famous, called *Beautés de Femmes*. Marie Dubas, who is still Favourite Singer No. 1 on the Boulevards, pantomimes so expertly at the Théâtre ABC that a knowledge of French is not necessary to understand her. And at the Casino de Paris, a lavish revue, *Paris en Joie*, with 300 *artistes*, provides Raquel Meller, the gifted Spanish singer, with the setting her talent deserves.

MUSIC

The morning concerts of Nadia Boulanger, which proved to be such a success last year, are being given again at the Hôtel George V. under the honorary patronage of Princesse Edmond de Polignac. These concerts are not only musical treats, but social events of considerable importance. The next concerts will take place on October 28th, November 18th, December 2nd and 16th at 11.30 in the morning.

RESTAURANTS

The Exhibition seems determined to go out in a blaze of glory. The nightly fireworks are more and more elaborate and one of the best places from which to admire them is the Restaurant Normandie, situated on the roof of the pavilion of the Marine Marchande. It is also a point of vantage for the entire Exhibition, and, incidentally, an excellent restaurant.

BEAUTY SECRETS

Feminine visitors to the Exhibition will, of course, want to take advantage of the beauty secrets of Paris, and here are some addresses where they may be sure to find valuable advice:

Denise Ferrero, 21, Rue Washington, makes a special brassière called "The Corbeille Récamier." Her creations are adapted to the requirements of the new winter mode and are guaranteed to be effective.

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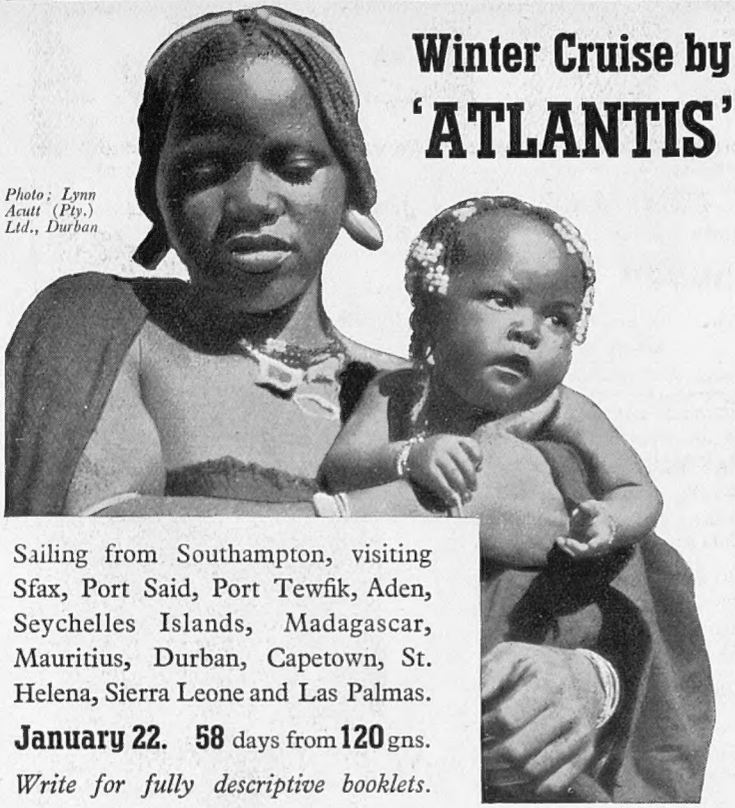

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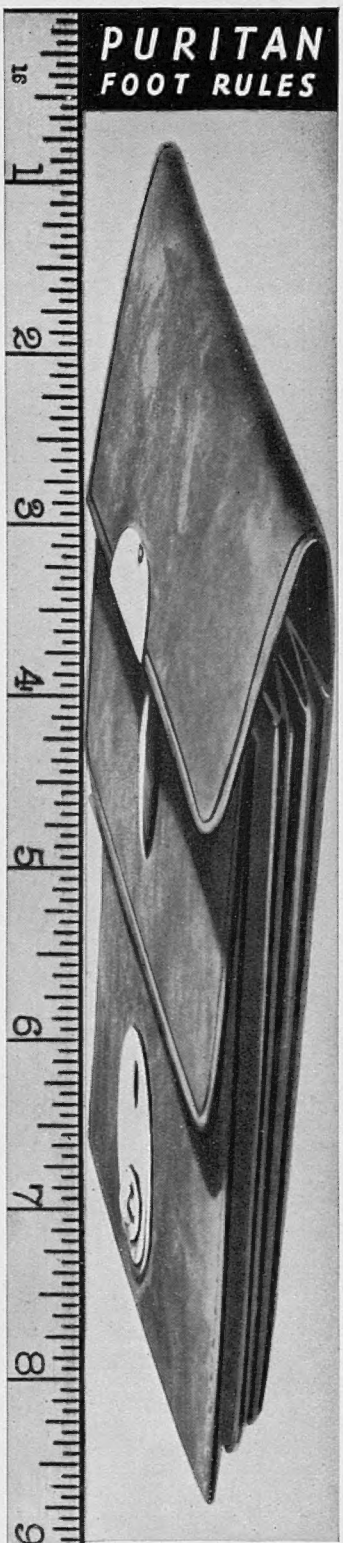

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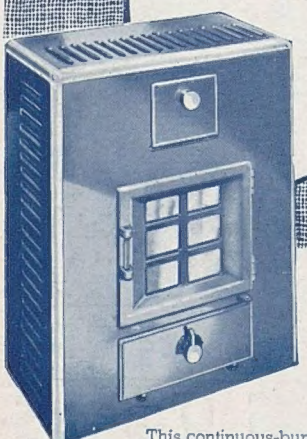

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